

With eyes that shine like searchlights

THAT'S THE CAT-MAN

CRASH

COMICS

NOVEMBER

No. 5

10¢

In Canada
15c

THE ONLY
HUMAN WITH
9 LIVES...THE
SENSATIONAL
CAT-MAN!
IN THIS ISSUE!



STRONGMAN



THE BLUE STREAK



BUCK BURKE



SECRET AGENT Z-2



SHANGRA

STRONGMAN VS. DICTATOR... THIS ISSUE



The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HA RA", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The covers depict various genres such as superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid on this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.

Read the 3 OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

At All Newsstands

Crash Comics

With The Sensational New Character

THE CAT-MAN

The Only Human With 9 Lives

Also The Super-Human of the Comics

STRONGMAN

Speed Comics

With the Inimitable SHOCK GIBSON

AND

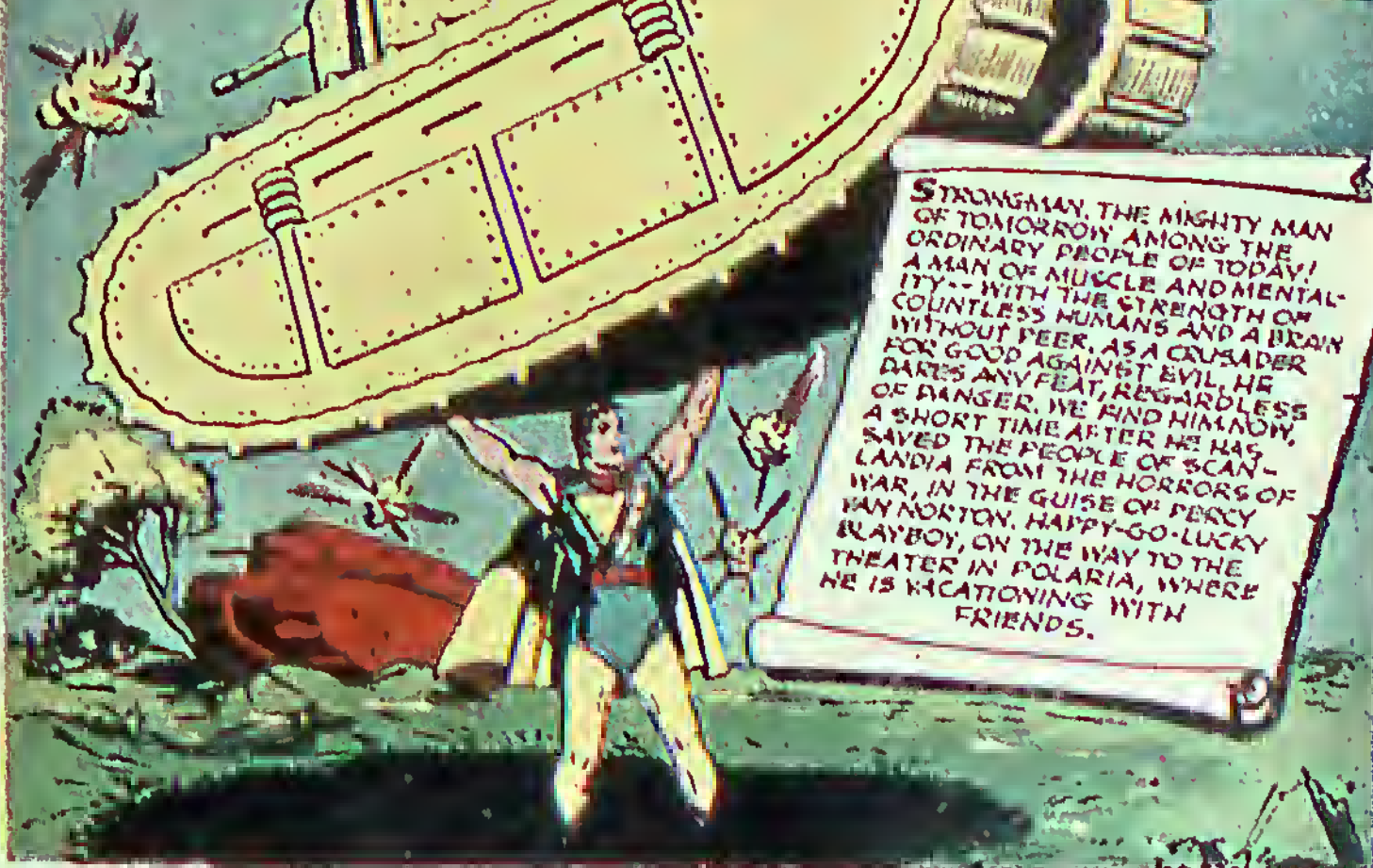
Whirlwind Comics

With the Dynamic CYCLONE Character

and The Ace of the Airways

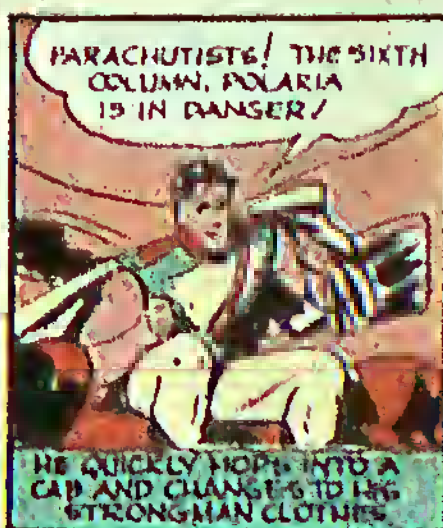
THE MASKED PILOT

STRONGMAN





IN THE DISTANCE HIS SUPER-SIGHT SEES...



PARACHUTISTS! THE SIXTH COLUMN, POLARIA IS IN DANGER!

HE QUICKLY HOPS INTO A CAB AND CHANGES TO HIS STRONGMAN CLOTHES



HERE'S YOUR FARE. KEEP THE CHANGE!

HEY! YOU AIN'T THE GUY WHO HIRED THIS CAB!



TOO LATE FOR THAT ONE. HERE'S HIS PARACHUTE-- I'LL WAIT HERE FOR OTHERS!



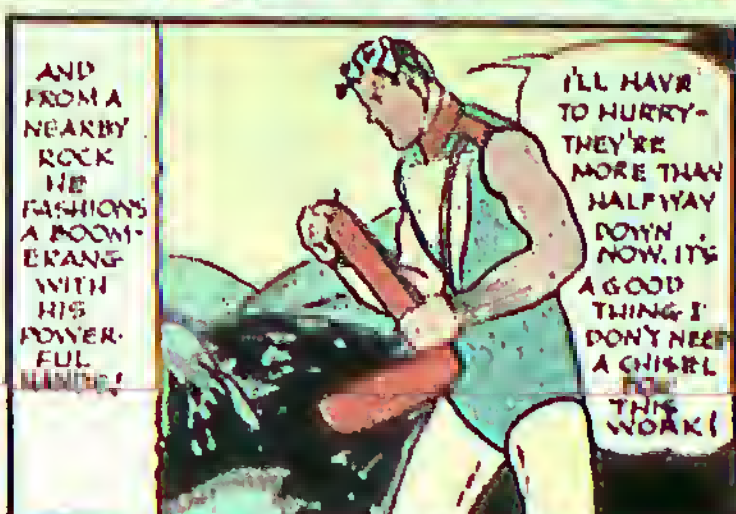
LOOKING UP FAR ABOVE THE SKY.

THAT FIRST ONE WAS JUST A SCOUT. HERE COMES THE FIRST PARACHUTE COMPANY. I MUST STOP THEM!



I'LL MAKE ONE LONG ROPE OUT OF ALL THE PIECES!

RIP!



AND FROM A NEARBY ROCK HE FASHIONS A BOOMERANG WITH HIS POWERFUL HANDS!

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY-- THEY'RE MORE THAN HALFWAY DOWN NOW. IT'S A GOOD THING I DON'T NEED A CHISEL FOR THIS WORK!



THIS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!



I SHOULD REACH THEM JUST AS THEY LAND!

THE BOOMERANG ROPE TANGLES THE PARACHUTES.

THERE! MY LITTLE BUTTERFLIES!



STRONGMAN CAPTURES THE ENTIRE COMPANY.

NICE OF YOU GENTLEMEN TO CALL - ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU BROUGHT ME SOME ELEGANT SHOOTING IRONS!

YOU ARE NOT SO CLEVER, MY FINE FRIEND SOON COMES A WHOLE ARMY FROM THE SKIES INTO POLARIA!

A BIG SURPRISE YOU ARE GOING TO GET!



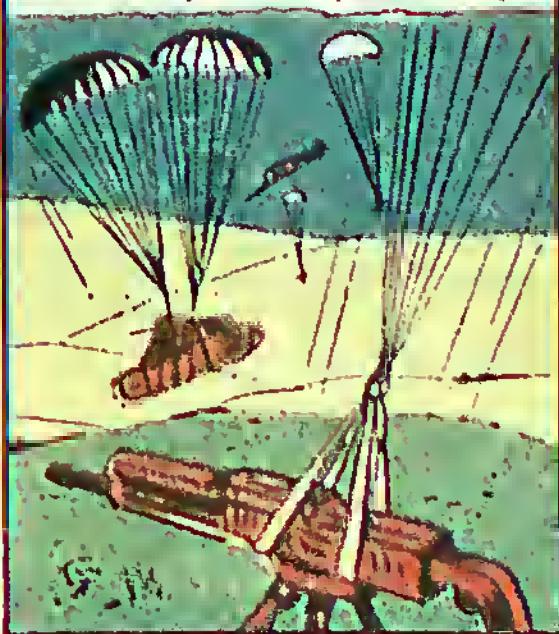
BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS THE SKY IS BLACKENED WITH NEW ARRIVALS.

YOU BOYS WEREN'T FOOLING, WERE YOU?

WE NEVER MAKE JOKE. NOW YOU PAY FOR YOUR INTERFERENCE!



HUGE TANKS, TOO ARE DROPPED!



THE SIXTH COLUMN LANDS IN FULL FORCE.

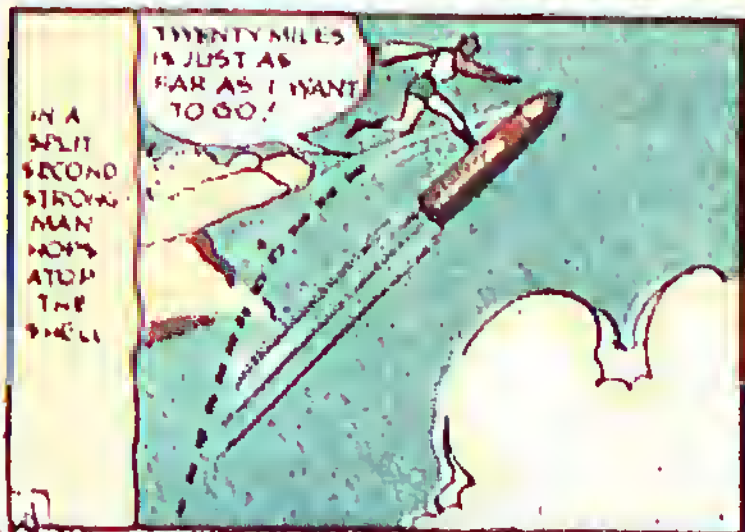
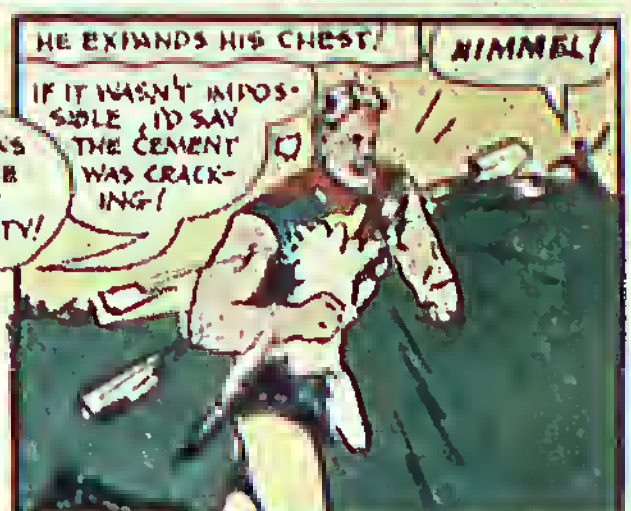
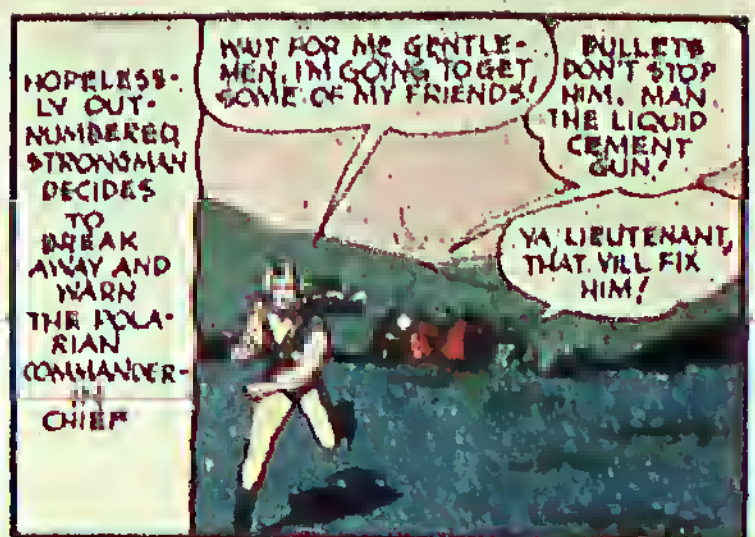
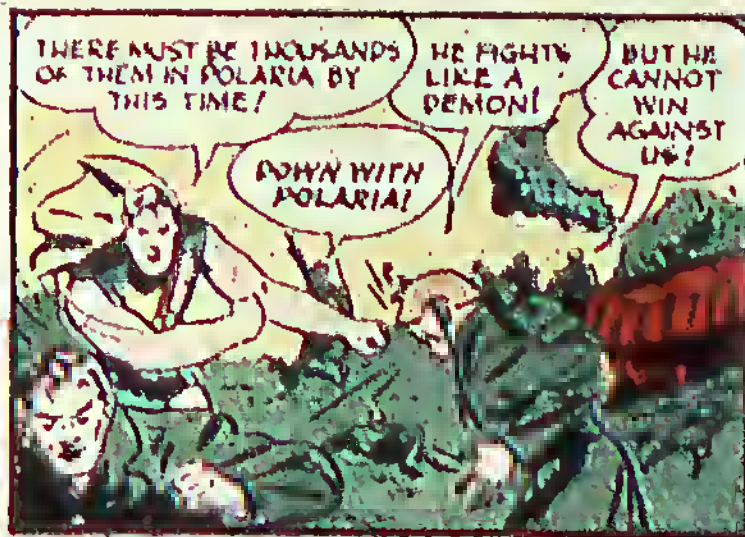


STRONGMAN ATTACKS!

THE BEST DEFENSE IS A STRONG OFFENSE!

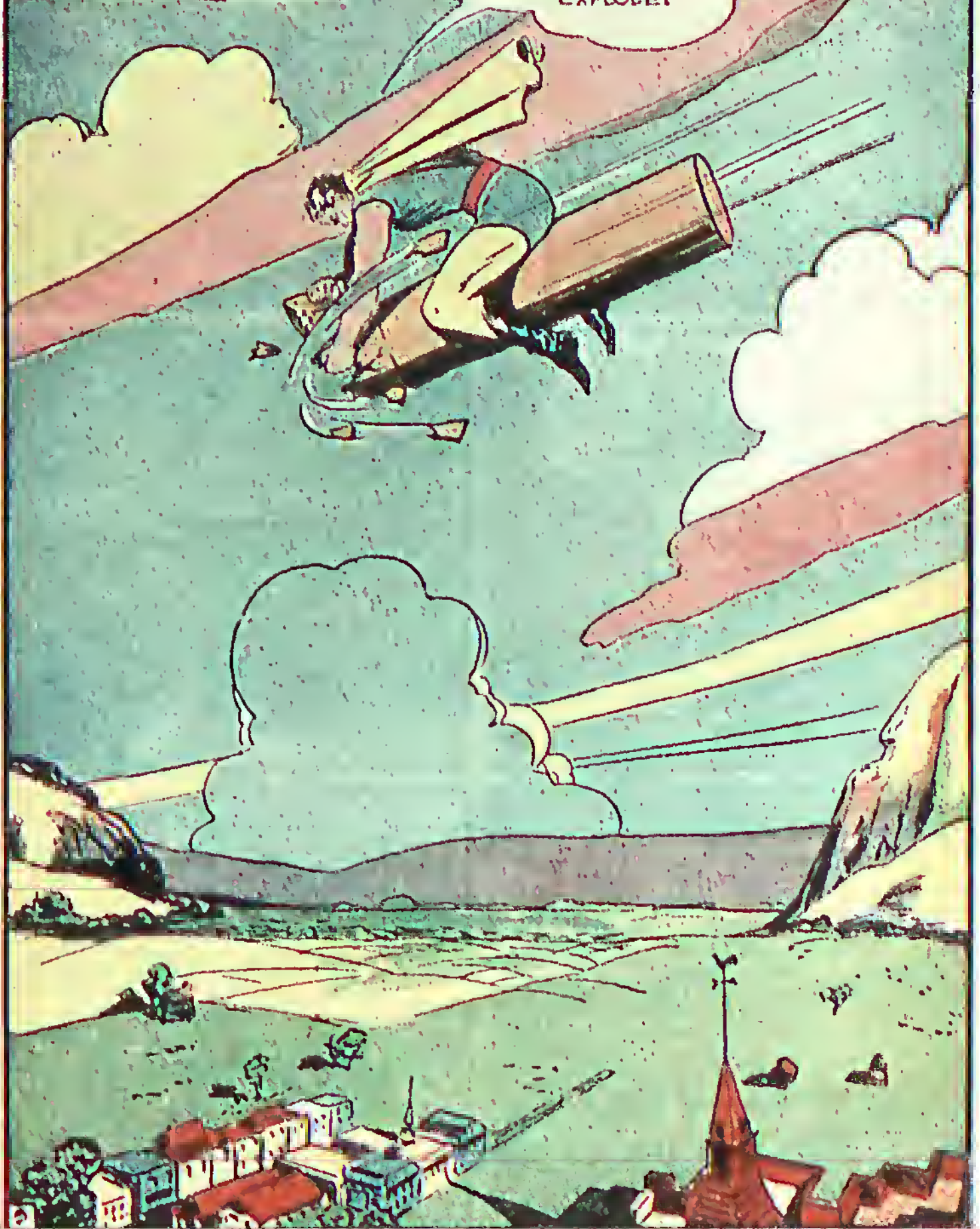
SHOOT DOWN THAT CRAZY MAN!

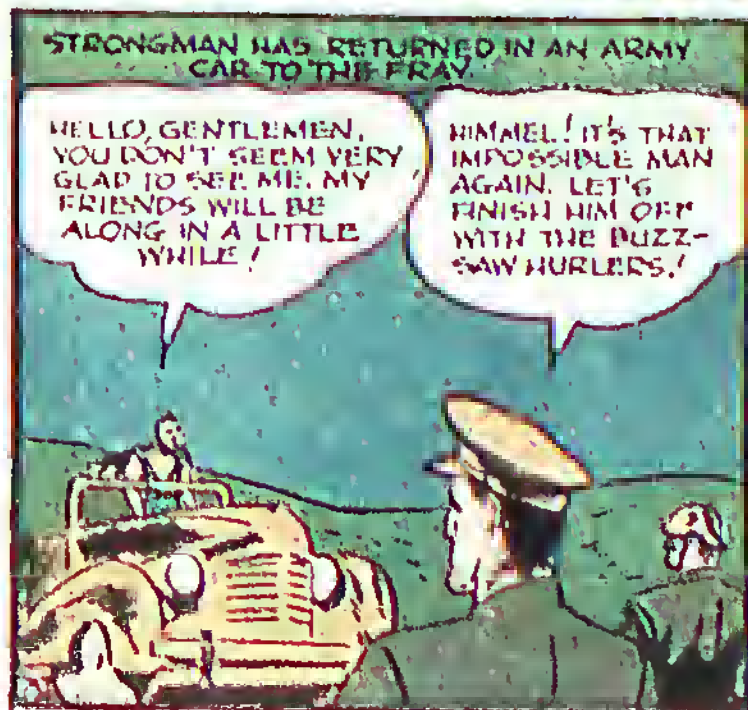
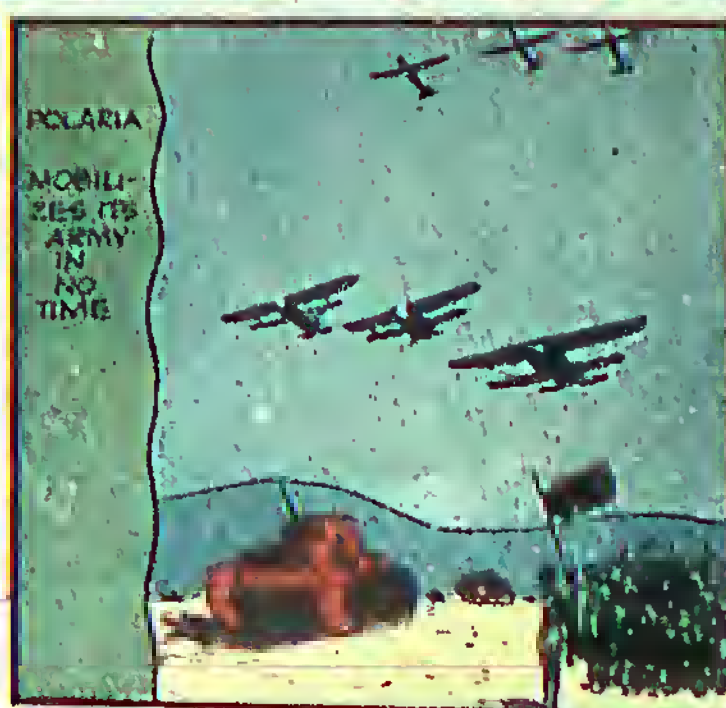
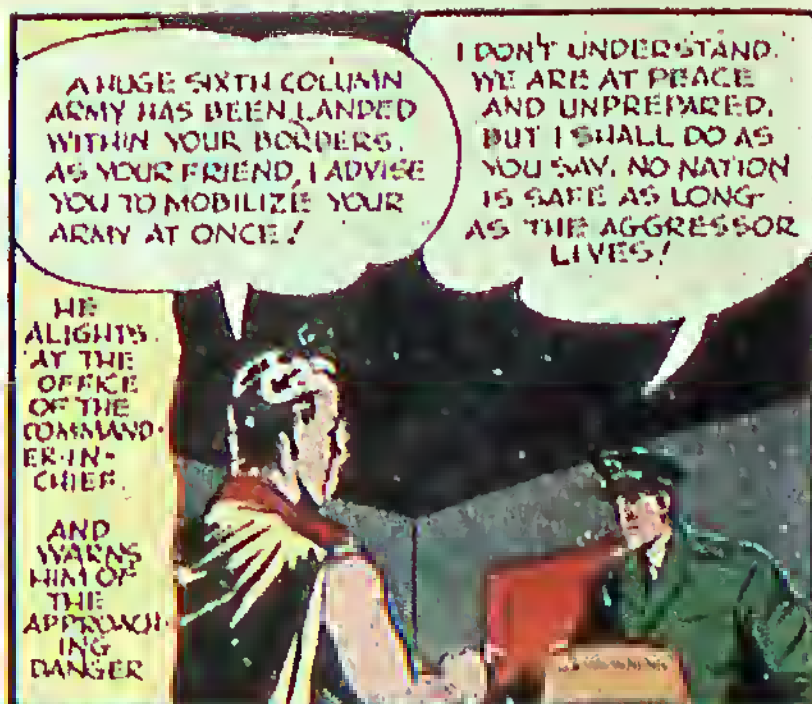


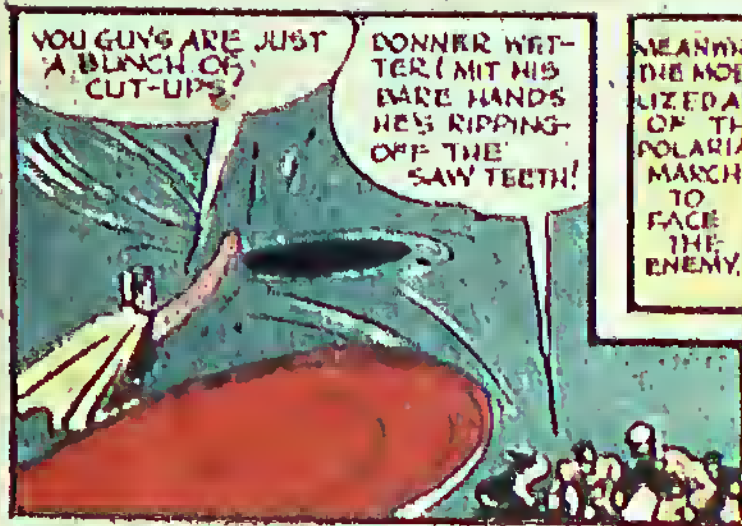


AS THE SHELL BEGINS
TO SLOW DOWN, STRONG-
MAN TAKES IT APART
WITH HIS STEEL-LIKE
FINGERS

IF I DO THIS THERE'LL
BE NOTHING TO
EXPLODE!







YOU GUYS ARE JUST A BUNCH OF CUT-UPS!

DONNER WETTER (MIT HIS BARE HANDS) HE'S RIPPING OFF THE SAW TEETH!

MEANWHILE, THE MOBILIZED ARMY OF THE POLARIANS MARCH TO FACE THE ENEMY.



WE SHALL DIE TO THE LAST MAN BEFORE WE YIELD TO THE AGGRESSOR!



BUT WITHIN THE RANKS OF THE SMALL POLARIAN ARMY...

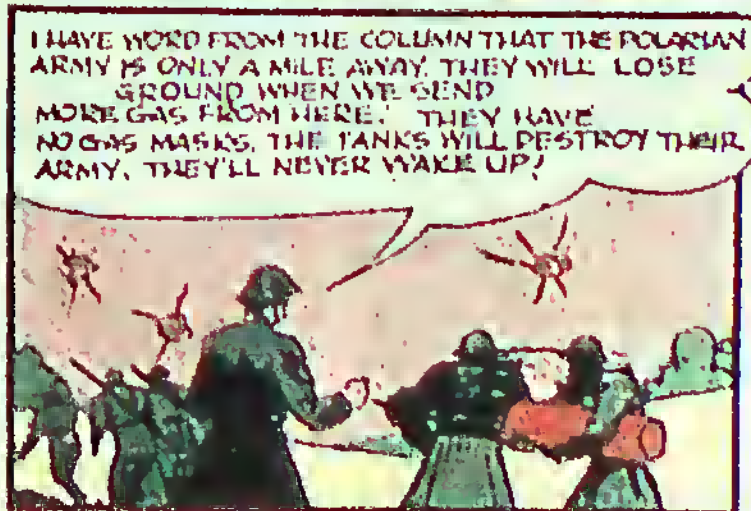
THIS IS DER TAG. WHEN WE REACH THE SIXTH COLUMN, WE DO OUR PART!

THESE STUPID POLARIANS DON'T KNOW HOW WELL WE HAVE PREPARED THE ATTACK!



THE SIXTH COLUMN GETS READY FOR ITS DIRTY WORK

GET THE GAS READY AND PUT YOUR MASK ON WE SHALL SOON PUT THIS LITTLE ARMY TO SLEEP!



I HAVE WORD FROM THE COLUMN THAT THE POLARIAN ARMY IS ONLY A MILE AWAY. THEY WILL LOSE GROUND WHEN WE SEND MORE GAS FROM HERE. THEY HAVE NO GAS MASKS. THE TANKS WILL DESTROY THEIR ARMY. THEY'LL NEVER WAKE UP!



STRONGMAN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE AGAIN

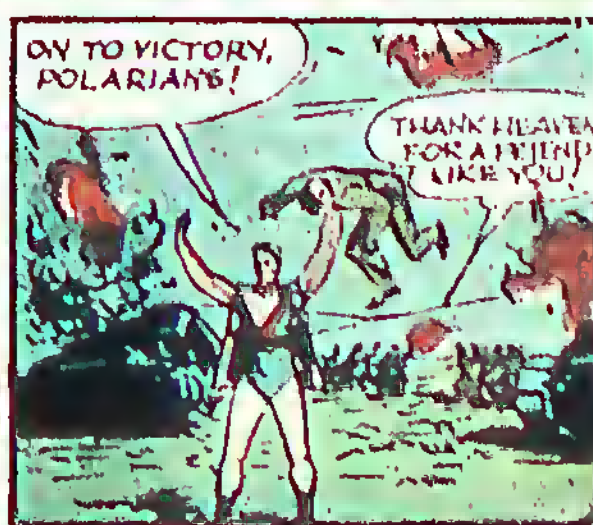
THE LESS OF YOU THERE ARE LEFT, THE BETTER THE POLARIANS WILL LIKE IT!



AS THE POLARIAN ARMY DRAWS NEAR THE SIXTH COLUMN WITHIN IT, LAGS TO THE REAR, TO BLOCK THE RETREAT.

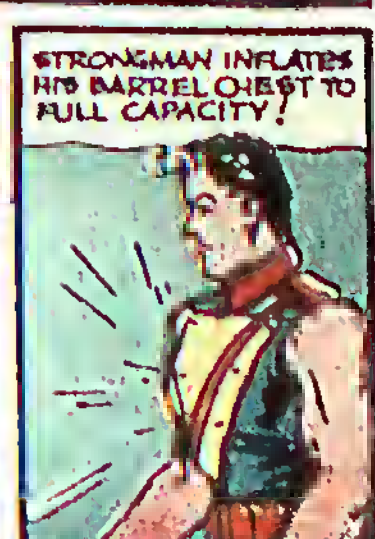
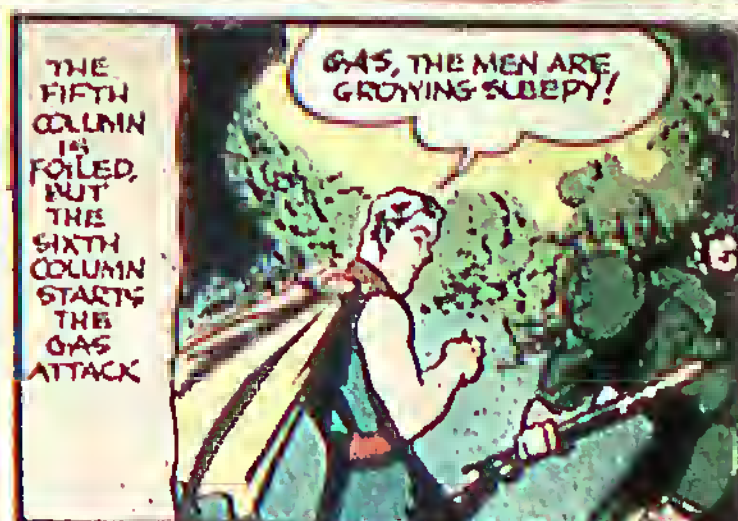
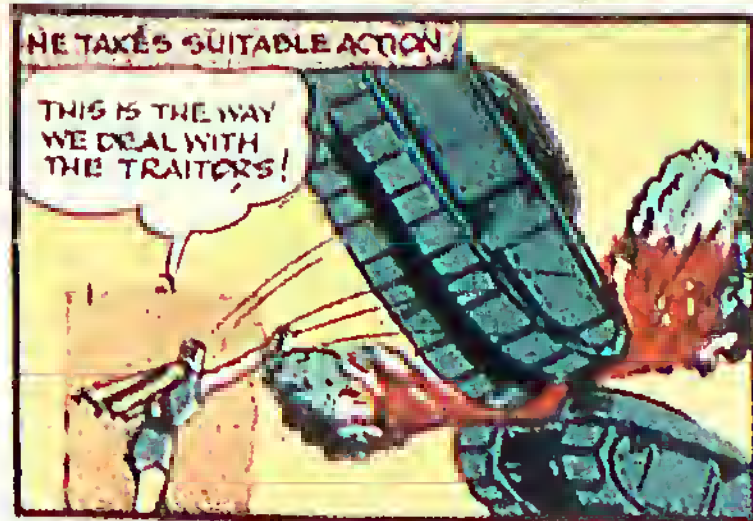
WHEN THE GAS STARTS TO TAKE EFFECT, THESE FOOLS WILL TRY TO RETREAT!

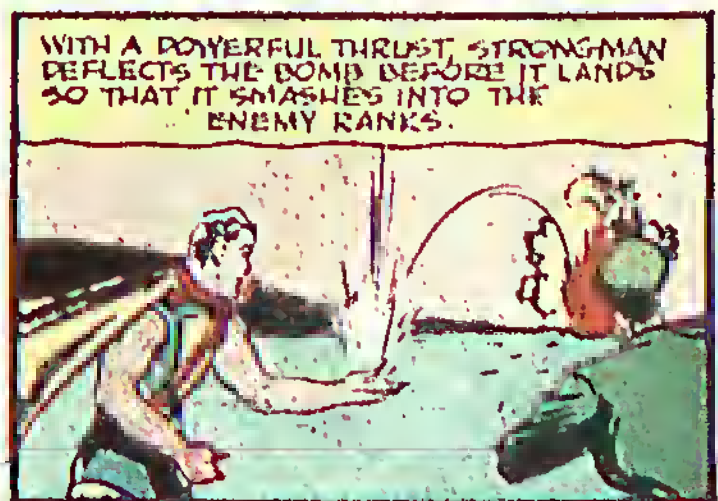
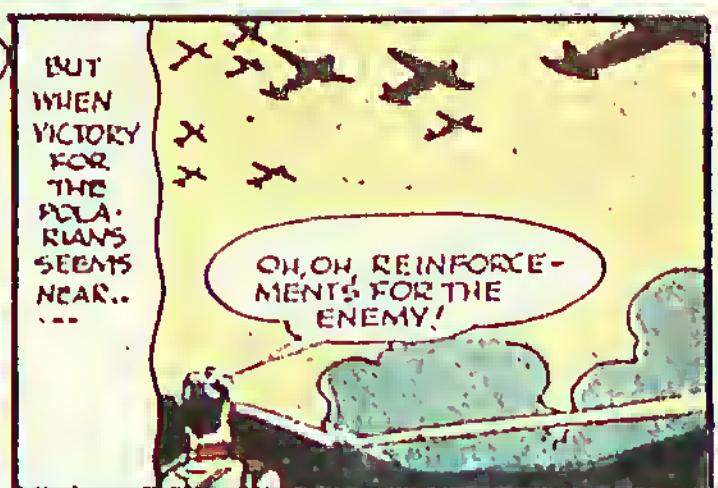
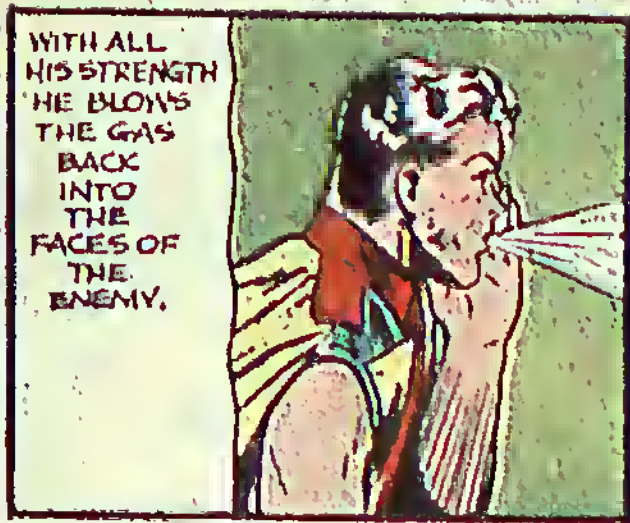
BUT WE SHALL BLOCK THEIR RETREAT!

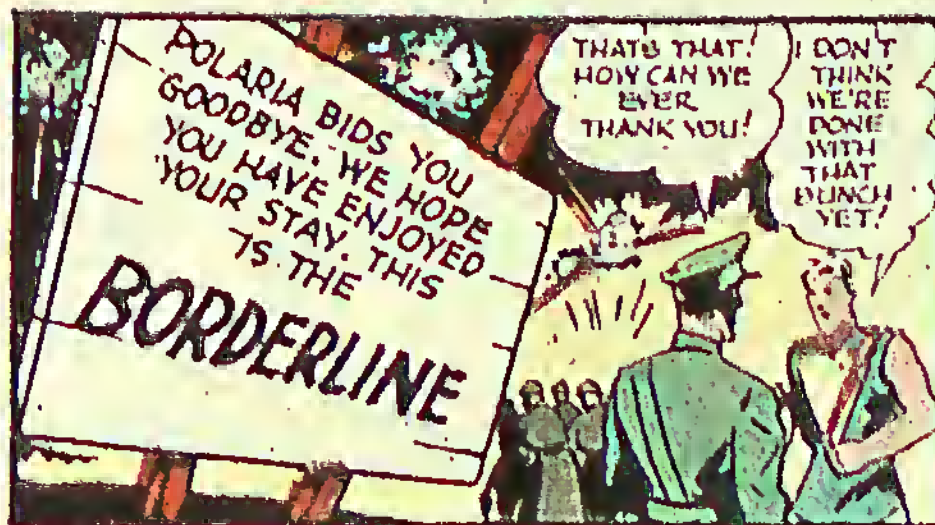


ON TO VICTORY, POLARIANS!

THANK HEAVEN FOR A FRIEND LIKE YOU!







THAT'S THAT!
HOW CAN WE
EVER
THANK YOU!

I DON'T
THINK
WE'RE
DONE
WITH
THAT
BUNCH
YET!



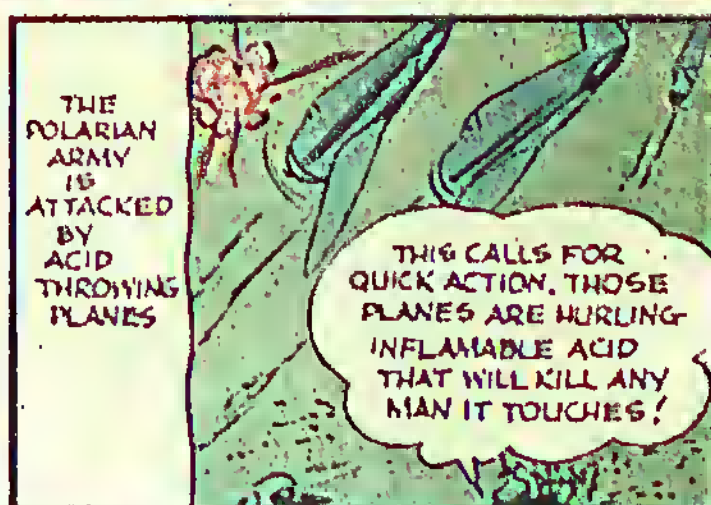
THE
POLA-
RIANS
TURN
HOME-
WARD

THEY ARE A TRICKY
OUTFIT. WE'LL HAVE
TO KEEP ON THE
LOOKOUT!



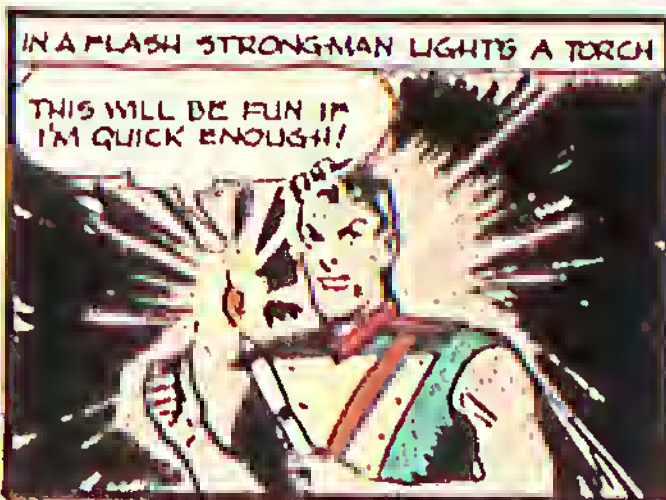
HALFWAY BACK

JUST AS I THOUGHT.
HERE THEY COME WITH
SOME NEW
TRICK. SEE THOSE
PLANES?



THE
POLARIAN
ARMY
IS
ATTACKED
BY
ACID
THROWING
PLANES

THIS CALLS FOR
QUICK ACTION. THOSE
PLANES ARE HURLING
INFLAMMABLE ACID
THAT WILL KILL ANY
MAN IT TOUCHES!



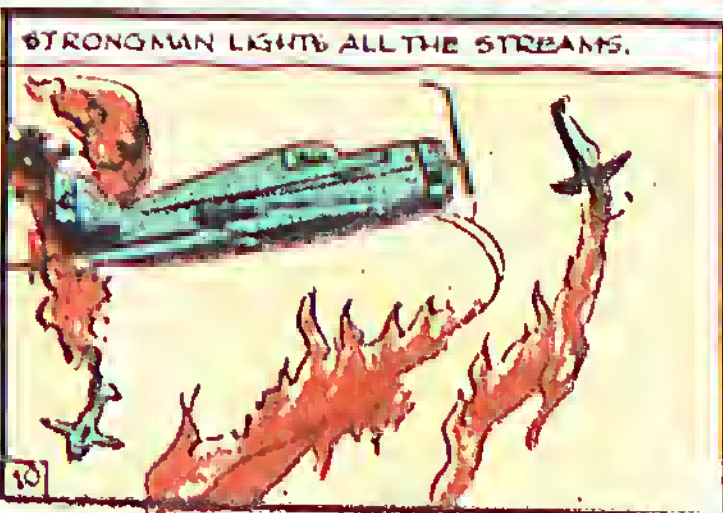
IN A FLASH STRONGMAN LIGHTS A TORCH

THIS WILL BE FUN IF
I'M QUICK ENOUGH!

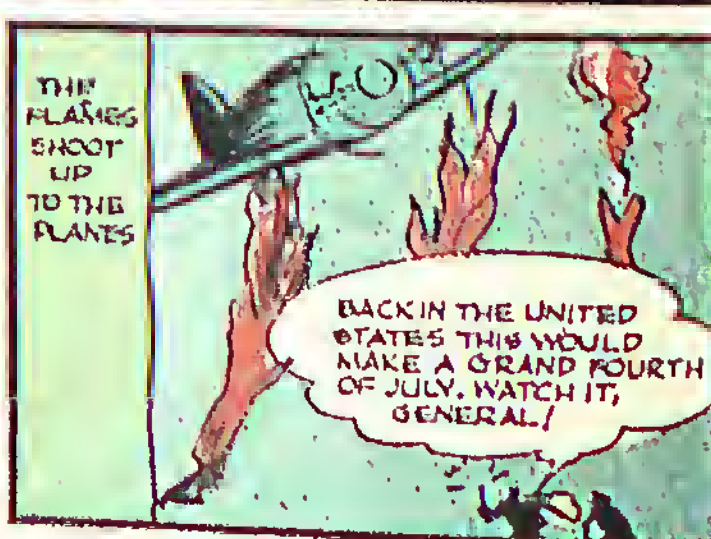


BEFORE
THEY
CAN
REACH
ANY OF
THE
POLA-
RIANS..

THE MORE HASTE,
THE MORE SPEED!



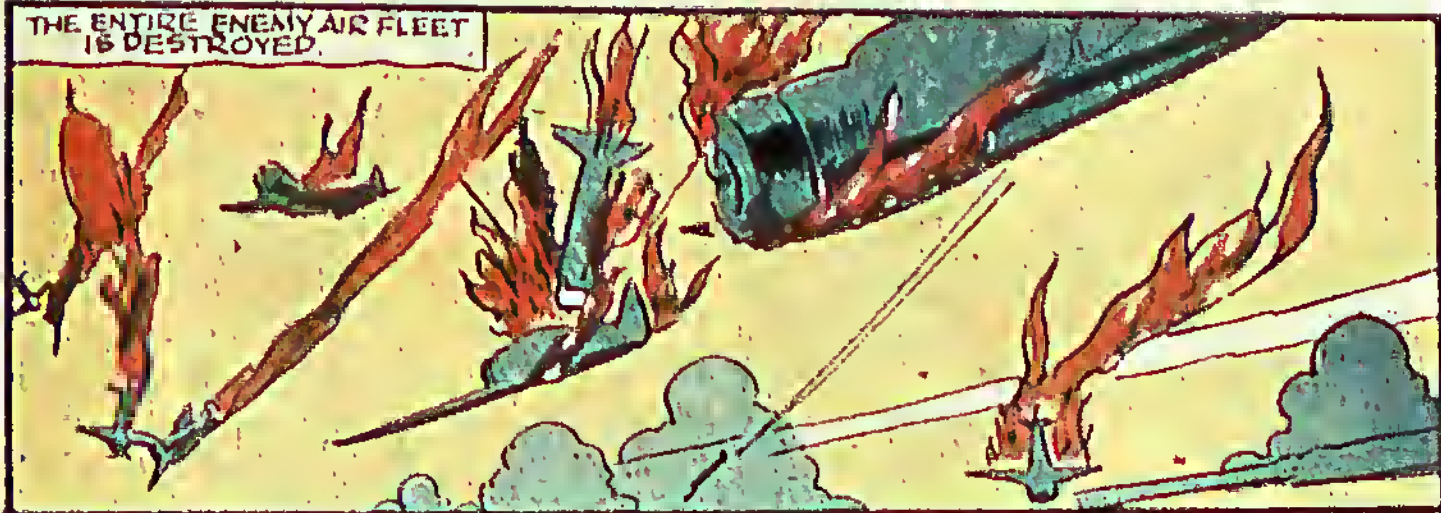
STRONGMAN LIGHTS ALL THE STREAMS.



THE
FLAMES
SHOOT
UP
TO THE
PLANES

BACK IN THE UNITED
STATES THIS WOULD
MAKE A GRAND FOURTH
OF JULY. WATCH IT,
GENERAL!

THE ENTIRE ENEMY AIR FLEET
IS DESTROYED.



THE
POLA-
RIAN
ARMY
RESUMES
ITS
HOME
WARD
TREK.

THAT CERTAINLY
ENDS IT!

I HOPE SO!



WELL I GUESS WE'VE
GOT NOTHING MORE
TO WORRY ABOUT!

I HAVE A
FUNNY
FEELING!



PART OF
THE ENEMY
ARMY HAS
RE-MAINED
BEHIND
AND HAS
SET A
TRAP IN
CASE OF
POLARIAN
VICTORY



HALT YOUR ARMY GEN-
ERAL, I DON'T LIKE
THE LOOKS OF
THAT SPOT IN THE
ROAD!

YOU'VE BEEN
RIGHT EVERY
TIME SO I'LL
DO IT. COM-
PANY
HALT!



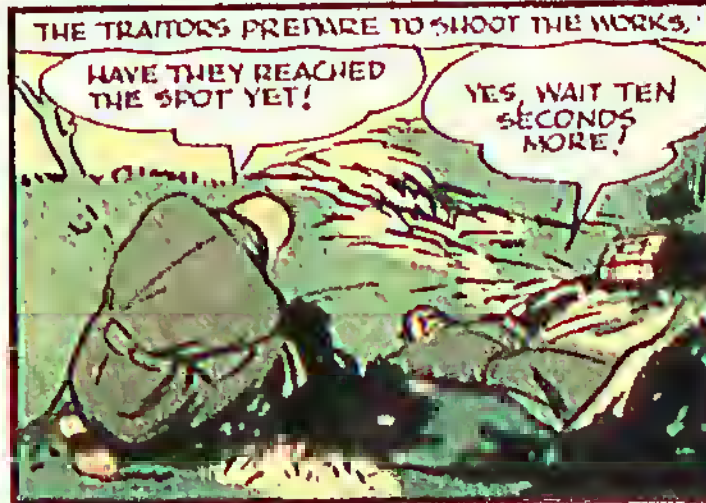
HE
MARCHES
AHEAD
INTO
THE
TRAP.

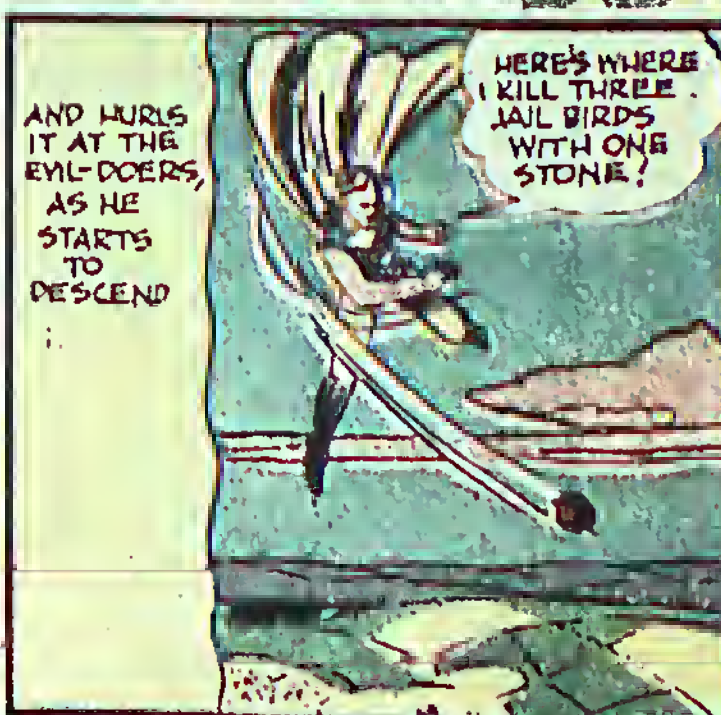
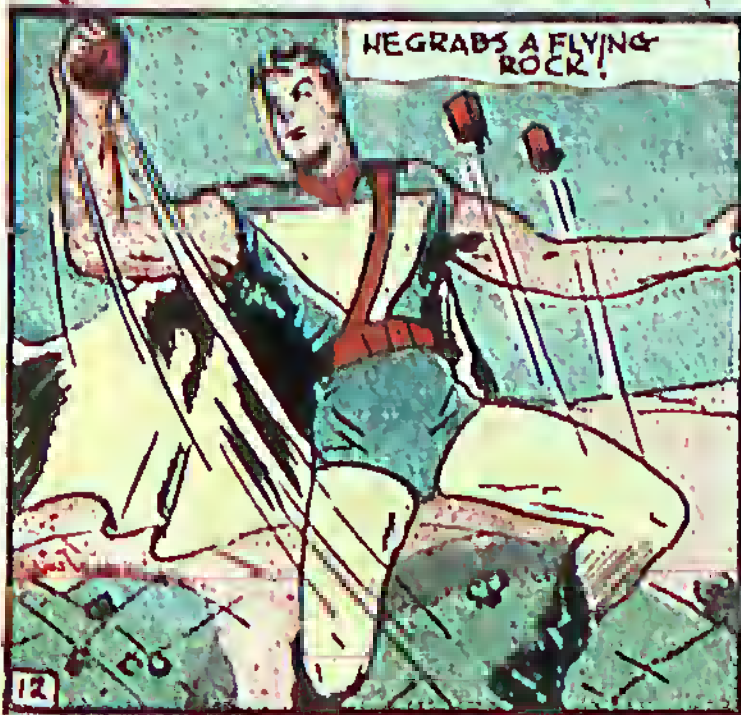


THE TRAITORS PREPARE TO SHOOT THE WORKS.

HAVE THEY REACHED
THE SPOT YET!

YES, WAIT TEN
SECONDS
MORE!





STRONGMAN LANDS SAFELY

IT'S AMAZING! YOU'RE UNHARMED!

IT WAS NOTHING, GENERAL JUST A FEW TONS OF DYNAMITE. BUT I TOOK CARE OF THE TRAITORS WHO DID IT. I THINK POLARIA HAS NOTHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT!

AT THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR POLARIA. I HAVE A MESSAGE HERE FROM THE AGGRESSOR DICTATOR ASKING ME TO SIGN A NON-AGGRESSION PACT!

THAT MEANS HE FEARS POLARIA. BUT I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO SIGN ANY PACTS. YOU CAN'T TRUST AN AGGRESSOR DICTATOR. KEEP YOUR ARMY EQUIPPED AND READY-- THAT'S YOUR BEST INSURANCE!

INTO A HALLWAY OF THE THEATRE WHERE HE CAME FROM. STRONGMAN THINGS BACK TO PERCY VAN MORTON

I'VE HAD MORE FUN TONIGHT THAN I COULD HAVE HAD AT ANY SHOW. NOW TO BECOME PERCY AGAIN!



PERCY'S FRIENDS COME OUT

THERE YOU ARE, PERCY. YOU MISSED THE WHOLE SHOW. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DRINKING ALL AFTERNOON WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

THAT'S PERCY ALL OVER!

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT PERCY. HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING ACTIVE ENOUGH TO BE DANGEROUS!

I GUESS I'M JUST A NO ACCOUNT NOBODY. PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES!

STRONGMAN HAS SAVED THE POLARIANS FROM THE VICIOUS ATTACK OF THE AGGRESSOR, BUT AN EVEN MORE THRILLING ADVENTURE AWAITS HIM NEXT MONTH! GET YOUR **CRASH COMICS** EARLY AND BE SURE TO GO ALONG WITH **STRONGMAN** AS HE PERFORMS HIS HERCULEAN FEATS!



The Flying TRIO

HOLY
JUMPIN' FISH HOOKS!
LOOKA THAT.
SWARM OF BEES
COMIN' AT
US!

BANK!

RAY AND LOW IN
ONE PLANE AND
MAC IN ANOTHER
HAVE DOWNED THREE
OF THE ENEMY IN
A SAVAGE DOG
FIGHT... SUDDENLY A
SWARM OF ENEMY
PLANES APPEAR
AND THE BOYS
ATTEMPT TO RUN
FOR IT...

I SMELL RAW GAS!!
THAT SHELL TORE
A FEED LINE... WE
CAN'T MAKE IT....!
CUT THE MOTORS!!

AGAIN THE BOYS ARE FORCED
DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES....
WITH ONLY MINOR INJURIES
THEY TAKE REFUGE IN A
FOREST.....

WHAT'S
THAT
AHEAD?

A CAPTURED
CHATEAU, DAMAGED
BY SHELL FIRE,
SERVES AS
HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
ENEMY
GENERAL STAFF....

WHOA! TWO OF THE
CARS ARE DRIVING
AWAY, LEAVING ONE
THERE.... I THINK
WE'VE STUMBLERD INTO
SOMETHIN' BIG!

ONLY TWO
SENTRIES IN
SIGHT.... I CAN
SEE A GUY IN
A WHITE UNIFORM
IN THE BACK
YARD

THAT'S THE
BRASS HATS
COOK TAKING
MILK TO A
SPRING!!
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA!!
WAIT HERE!!

SO
SORRY!

JUST MY SIZE!!
WAIT TILL
SING AND
MAC SEE ME
IN THIS
MAKE-UP!!

THE SENTRY
GIVES RAY NO
HEED AS HE
MARCHES TO THE
KITCHEN....



IF THAT LAD
COULD FLY LIKE
HE CAN COOK
THERE'D BE
NO STOPPING
HIM....



AS THE SENTRY
PASSES THE
WINDOW A
POKER DESCENDS
WIELDED BY THE
NEW COOK...

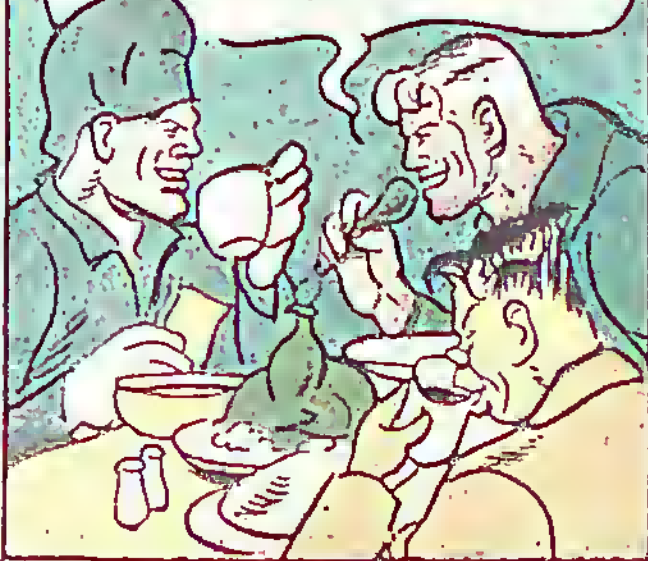


THERE'S RAY
WAVING
ALL'S
CLEAR!



HANS, THIS DAY YOU HAVE
THE HONOR OF SHAVING THE
SUPREME COMMANDER OF ALL
DER BUTZKRIEGERS!!
SOME DAY, MAYBE, I GIVE
YOU AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF
MY BOOK.... FOR YOUR
POSTERITY!!

YOU'RE NOT AS DUMB
AS YOU LOOK,
MISTER! AFTER WE EAT
LET'S GO UP AND
THANK THE BRASS
HAT!!



IN A CHAMBER ABOVE
THE CHIEF OF STAFF
RELAXES, UNAWARE
OF DANGER....

A COOK IN
MY CHAMBERS!!
OUTSIDE
STUPID DOLT!!

KEEP YOUR
HAIR ON,
CHUM...WE
WANT TO
BORROW THAT
UNIFORM...

WE CAN'T LET THIS
PRETZEL BENDER WASTE
OUR TIME TICKLE
HIS FEET A LITTLE
SING.....

QUIET!

WE'D NEVER GET
OVER THE SWISS
BORDER WITH
YOU IN THAT
MAKE-UP...YOU
JUST DON'T
LOOK THE
PART....!

SWELL!
NOW YOU'RE
A CHINESE
AMBASSADOR
WERE YOUR
CHAUFFEUR
AND BODY
GUARD

KOP IN THERE
YOUR EXCELLENCY
AND DON'T BE
ALL DAY
ABOUT
IT!!

AN INSTANT
LATER
THE POWERFUL
MOTOR
ROARS
THROUGH THE
WOODED
LANE
TOWARD THE
HIGHWAY...
THE BOYS
ARE WELL
AWARE THAT
THEIR
DARING PLAN
WILL BRING
DEATH IF
IT FAILS..

I RIPPED OUT THE
PHONES BEFORE WE
TOOK OFF AND WITH ANY
LUCK WE MAY GAIN
TWENTY MINUTES!!

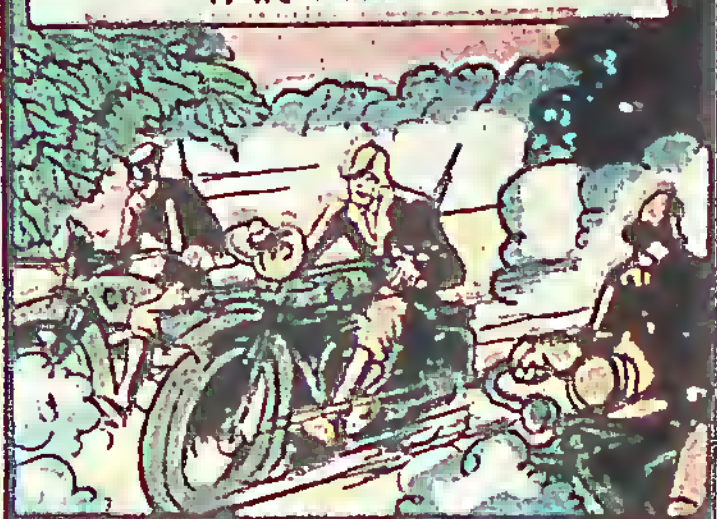
IT HAS BEEN WISELY
WRITTEN THAT IN
SHALLOW WATERS THE
DRAGON BECOMES THE
JOKE OF SHRIMPS



A FEW MOMENTS LATER
A DESPATCH BEARER LEARNS
OF THE UNUSUAL RAID BY
ENEMY AIR MEN....



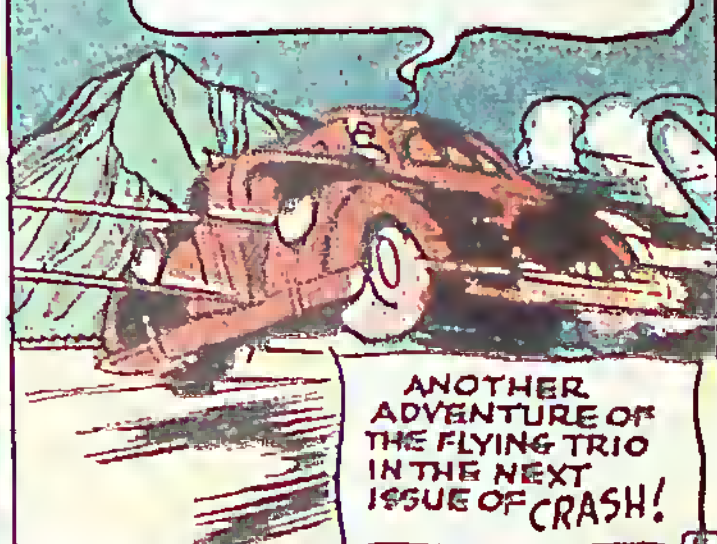
A MOTOR PATROL BRISTLING
WITH MACHINE GUNS
SPRINGS INTO ACTION.. THEY
KNOW THEIR QUARRY IS NOT
FAR AHEAD.....



THE GRIM RACE IS ON...
KNOWING THE TERRAIN
THE MOUNTED SQUAD IS
GAINING, GAINING....



YOW!... MADE IT!!!
THAT POST MEANS
EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS
TO THE BORDER!!



ANOTHER
ADVENTURE OF
THE FLYING TRIO
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF CRASH!

DAVID MERRYWETHER, LEFT FOR DEAD IN THE JUNGLE, WAS PICKED UP AND NURTURED BY A TIGRESS. AFTER A NUMBER OF YEARS HE WAS SENT BACK TO THE WORLD OF MEN, ENDOWED WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CAT FAMILY.

THE

CAT

MAN



HE COULD CLIMB THE STEEPEST CLIFFS, SEE IN THE DARK, SCALE TREES, BUILDINGS AND IMPORTANT OF ALL HE WAS ENDOWED WITH NINE LIVES. HE WAS NOT PLEASED WITH THE WORLD OF MEN AS HE FOUND IT AND WISHED TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO THE RIGHTING OF WRONGS. HE ADOPTED A SUITABLE GARB AND BECAME KNOWN AS THE CAT MAN. LAST MONTH WE SAW HIM LOSE THE FIRST OF HIS NINE LIVES. THE CAT MAN HAS ONLY EIGHT LIVES LEFT!

IN A CABIN AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF



MERR BLONKER, A FOREIGN SPY, IS FORGING PASSPORTS.

HA! BY THE THOUSANDS, WE SMUGGLE IN OUR AGENTS WITH THESE FAKE PASSPORTS - AND THE SECRET SERVICE ARE GOING CRAZY, HA-HA!

OUR TRAPS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO GET TO OUR HIDEOUT. THEY CAN NEVER FIND US - AND LIVE!

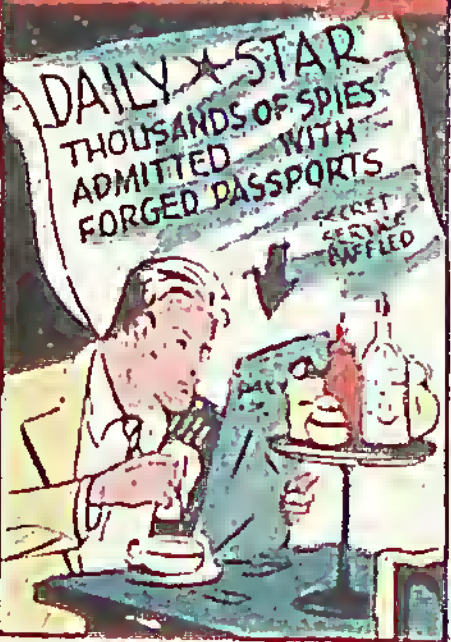


IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF SECRET SERVICE

TWO THOUSAND SPIES CAME INTO THE COUNTRY LAST MONTH WITH SUCH PERFECTLY FORGED PASSPORTS, THE CUSTOM CLERKS ARE FOOLED! I KNOW THE FENCE IS IMPREGNABLE, TO BOMB IT WOULD DESTROY THE EVIDENCE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS ESPIONAGE!



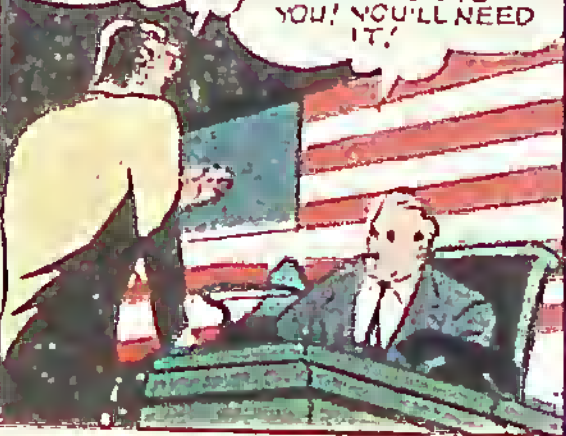
IN A NEWSPAPER STORY ABOUT THE FORGED SPIES



- AND LATER HE CALLS AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS

AND I'M SURE I CAN HANDLE IT IF YOU GIVE ME FREE REIGN CHIEF!

O.K. BUT I WARN YOU, A NUMBER OF MEN HAVE DIED IN THE ATTEMPT. YOU HAVE THE LOCATION! ... GOOD LUCK TO YOU! YOU'LL NEED IT!



THEN DAVID CHANGES TO HIS CAT MAN OUTFIT

IF THE CHIEF ONLY KNEW THAT HIS NEW AGENT IS THE CAT MAN!



HALF A MILE FROM THE CABIN THE CATMAN CRAWLS ON HIS STOMACH TOWARDS HIS GOAL

I OUGHT TO BE DUE FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!



THEN SUDDENLY HE CRASHES THROUGH SOME BUSHES INTO A CAMOUFLAGED PIT.

HMM, JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE FUN BEGINS!



THE PIT IS TWO HUNDRED FEET DEEP BUT THE CAT MAN LANDS ON HIS FEET IN TRUE FELINE MANNER.

NOW! WHAT A DROP, IT KILLED ALL THESE OTHER POOR CHAPS THAT FELL IN HERE. NOW TO GET OUT!!



GRIPPING THE WALLS OF THE PIT WITH UNERRING FINGERS HE CLIMBS BACK TO THE SURFACE

WHAT NEXT I WONDER?!



AND TEN YARDS AWAY...

GET THE TIGERS READY! SOME SUPER-HUMAN ESCAPED THAT PIT!

WE'RE READY FOR ANYONE - THESE TIGERS HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A WEEK!



THE CATMAN REACHES THE TIGER BARRIER!

ARE YOU GENTLEMEN WAITING FOR ME BY ANY CHANCE!

OPEN THE CASE BOYS, LET 'EM AT HIM!



THE CAGE IS OPENED AND THE SNARLING TIGERS EMERGE, AS THE GUARDS RUN OUT OF SIGHT.

LOMAI TONGUAY SOOBI ROQUIL! (I AM YOUR BROTHER)



THE HUNGRY TIGERS HALT AS THE CATMAN GREET'S THEM IN THEIR OWN TONGUE, AND LIE DOWN AT HIS FEET.

SILLY OF THEM TO THINK THAT TIGERS WOULD BOTHER ME!



SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAS HAPPENED. A MAN ENTERED THE TIGER TRAP AND THE HUNGRY BRUTES ARE LYING AT HIS FEET! START THE BARRAGE!

O.K.! I'LL PULL THE LEVER... THE SILENCERS ARE PERFECT... WE WON'T HEAR THE BULLETS!



AS THE GUARD PULLS THE LEVER, AN UPWARD RAIN OF SILENT BULLETS EMERGE FROM THE GROUND.

NO ONE EVER GOT THIS FAR! THIS'LL FIX HIM!



BUT THE CATMAN'S SUPER-KEEN EARS CATCH THE SWISH OF THE BULLETS AS THEY CLEAR THE AIR -

VERY CLEVER! I SUPPOSE I WAS TO WALK RIGHT INTO THAT RAIN OF DEATH!

YOU'LL EITHER WALK THROUGH IT, OR TURN BACK. IT'S DEATH EITHER WAY! SMART GUY!



-AND WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, CATMAN RISES ABOVE THE RAIN OF DEADLY PELLETS!

YOU CAN BE WRONG! CAN'T YOU?



MIGOSH! HE JUMPED THE BULLETS! WIRE THE NEXT TRAPS - THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE US!



YOU SAY HE JUMPED OVER THE BULLETS? YOU'RE CRAZY! I'LL REPORT YOU TO HERR BLONKER! YOU MUST BE DRUNK!

THE CAT-MAN COMES NOISELESSLY UPON THE SCENE AND NOTICES AN OBJECT SUSPENDED IN THE AIR...

NO, I WILL NOT LOOK OUT FOR A MAN LIKE A CAT - IF YOU MAKE JOKE, I SEE YOU GET FIRED!

HMM! THE SPHERE IS SUPPOSED TO DROP OVER MY HEAD AND SMOTHER ME. I'LL FLY THAT!

AS THE GUARD SPEAKS, THE CAT-MAN FIRES HIS NOISELESS POWER-GUN THROUGH THE SPHERE.

THAT BULLET HOLE WILL VENTILATE THE THING - NOW FOR SOME FUN!

CLICK!

THE CAT-MAN MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN

I SAY, BUDDY, CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE?

ACH HIMMEL! HE WASN'T FOOLING - A MAN LIKE A CAT! I DROP THE SMOTHER-SPHERE ON HIS HEAD!

?

THE SMOTHER SPHERE, SUSPENDED BY LIGHT RAYS IS DROPPED BY THE GUARD WHO WAVES HIS ARM, BREAKING THE BEAM

NOW, I FIX YOU!

THE SPHERE STARTS TO FALL AND AS THE GUARD ATTEMPTS TO GET OUT OF THE RANGE, THE CAT-MAN GRABS HIM!

LET ME GO! I'LL SMOTHER!

WHAT'S GOOD FOR ONE - HA! HA!

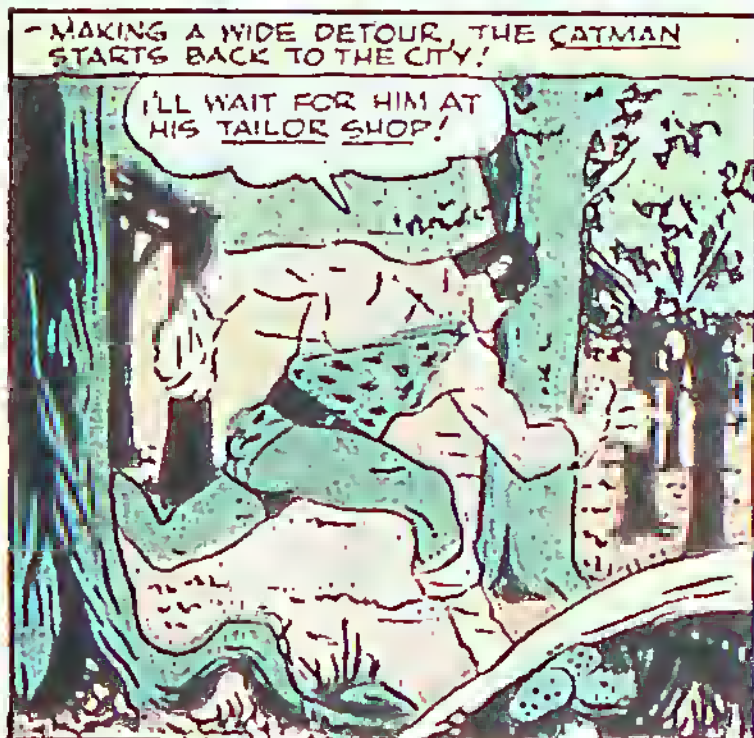
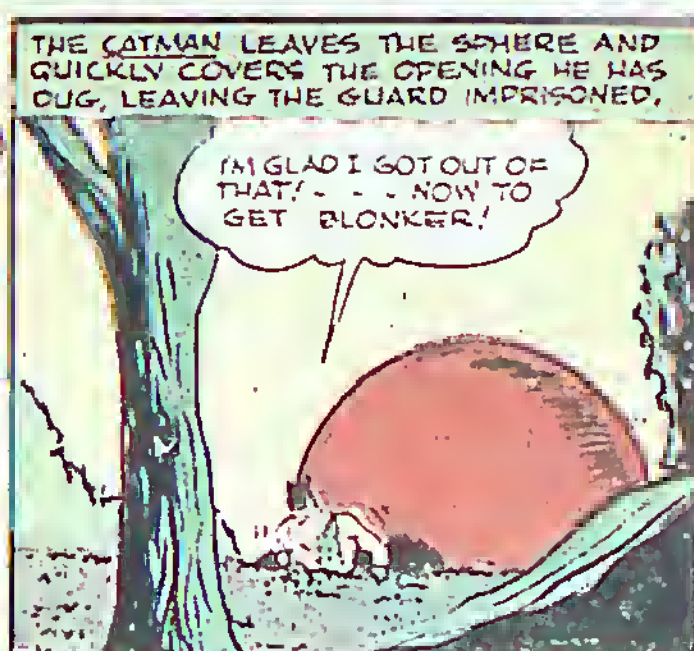
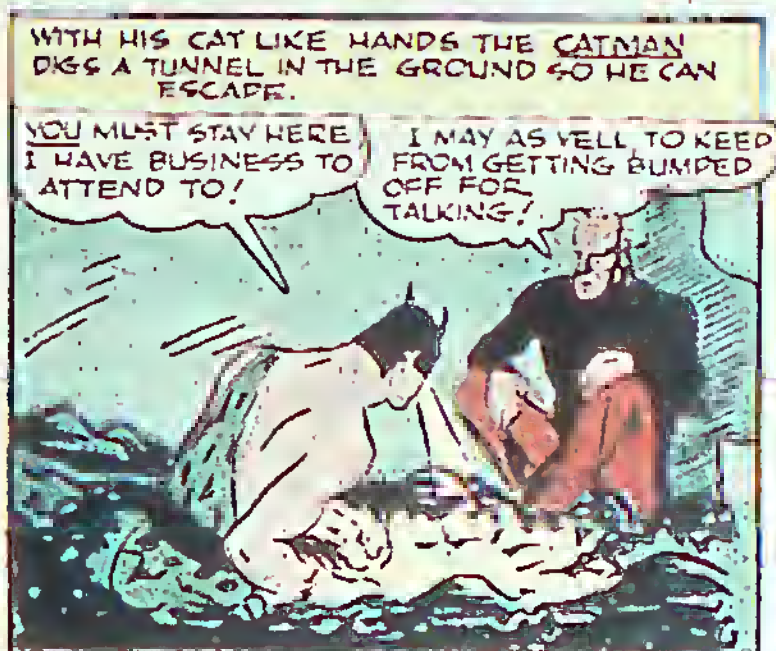
THE SMOTHER-SPHERE FALLS AND ENGULFS THE GUARD AND THE CAT-MAN!

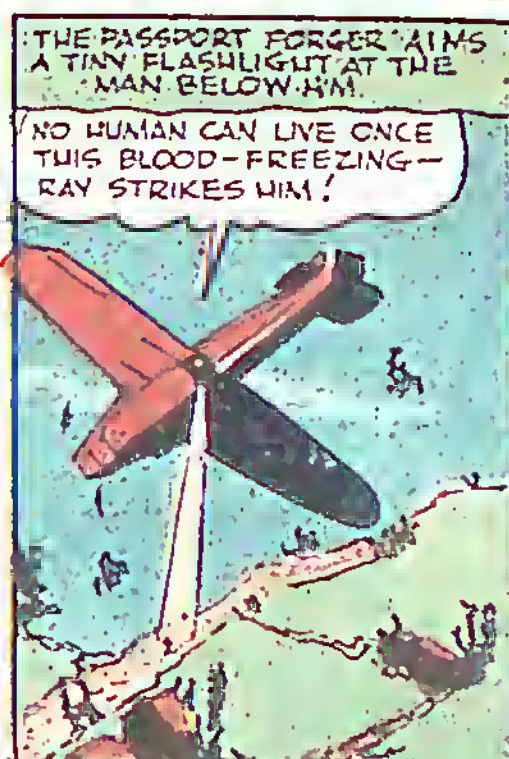
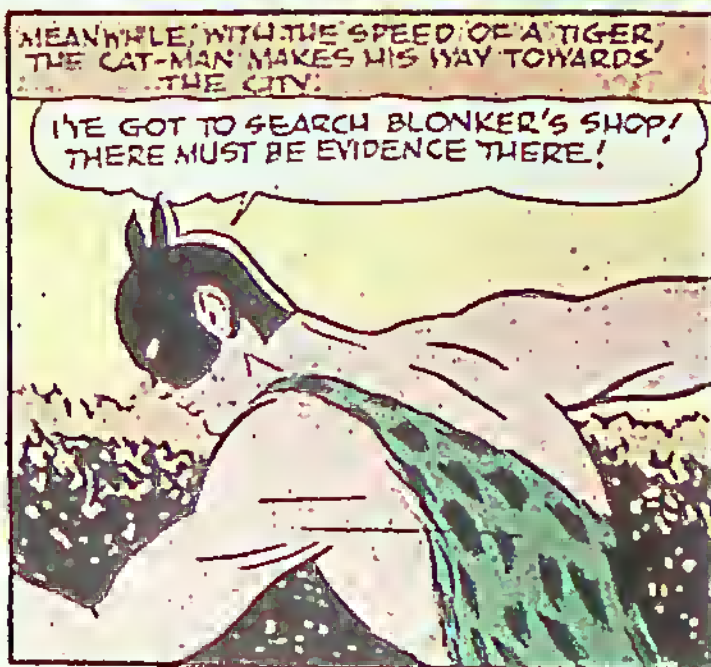
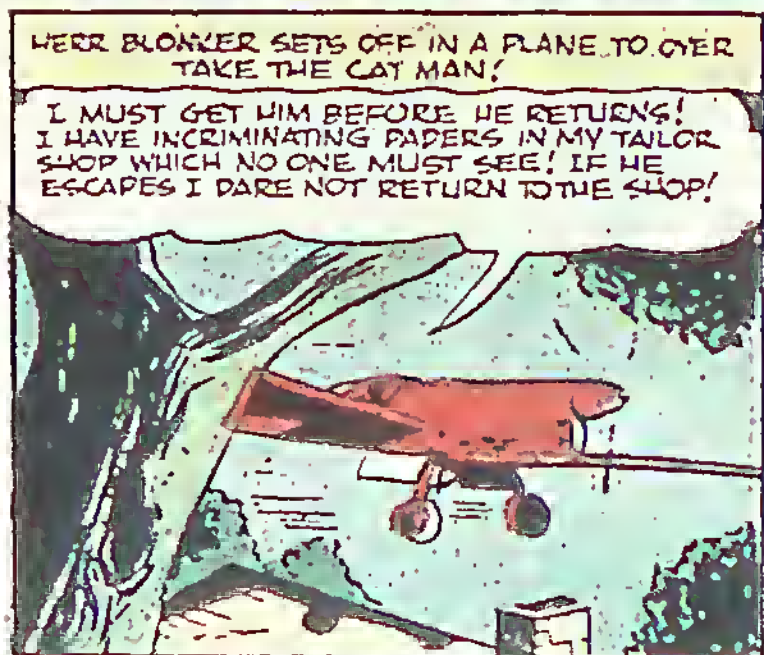
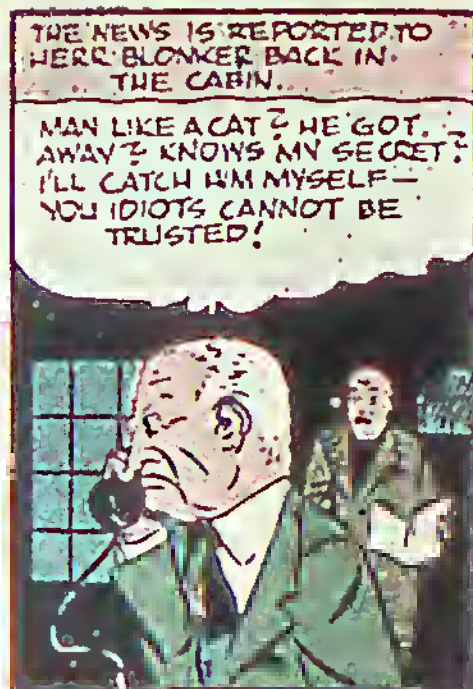
CRASH!

INSIDE THE SPHERE THE ONLY LIGHT COMES FROM THE CAT-MAN'S EYES AS HE QUICKLY COVERS THE BULLET HOLE WITH HIS PALM.

WE DIE IN AN HOUR AFTER THE AIR IS USED UP. NO AIR CAN PENETRATE IN HERE - ACH! EYES LIKE ELECTRIC LIGHT!

I CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE IF YOU'LL TALK!





BACK AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS—

YOU HAVE NEWS OF OUR NEW AGENT?

NO WORD I FEAR HE HAS MET THE FATE OF THE OTHERS!

IN A SMALL TAILOR SHOP IN THE CITY STE. WERE HUNGERS KNOWN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AS HANS THE TAILOR.

THE POOR SECRET SERVICE! HAHA!—I'LL GIVE SPY N-42 THE BIGGEST LOT OF FAKE PASSPORTS YET!

SPY N-42 35¢

MEANWHILE, THE SPIRIT OF THE TIGRESS APPROACHES THE CORPSE OF THE CAT-MAN...

AND GRANTS HIM THE SECOND OF HIS NINE LIVES...

A STRANGE SLEEP! I WONDER.... BUT I MUST GET TO THAT TAILOR SHOP!

THE CATMAN HURRIES TO THE CITY

I CAN STOP HERE AND CHANGE!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY THE CATMAN BECOMES DAVID MERRY-WETHER AGAIN...

NOW TO BECOME A CUSTOMER OF HANS THE TAILOR!

DAVID ENTERS THE TAILOR SHOP

I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY SUIT PRESSED, WHERE CAN I WAIT?

IN THE BACK ROOM, YOU CAN WAIT!

AS DAVID WAITS IN THE BACK ROOM, SPY N-42 ENTERS THE SHOP.

—AND THEN I FIX HIM WITH MY BLOOD-FREEZE RAY— AND THE MAN-LIKE CAT IS NO MORE!

WELL, I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A SPECIAL LARGE LOT FOR ME!

I HAVE A CUSTOMER IN THE BACK. I THINK HE HEARD TOO MUCH!

HAHA! I FIX HIM WITH LEAD! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!

BUT DAVID HAS ALREADY CHANGED BACK TO THE CAT-MAN'S GARE AND IS READY FOR SPY N-42.

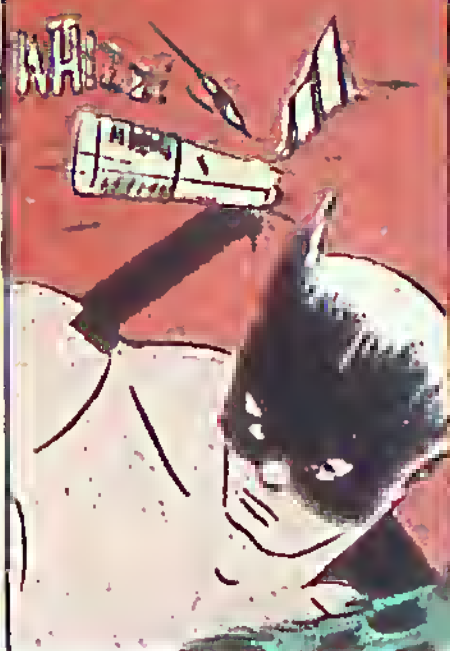
HIMMEL THE DEAD MAN LIKE A CAT!

NOT SO DEAD THIS TIME!



THE SPY WHIPS OUT A BLADE-PISTOL AND FIRES AT THE CAT-MAN, BUT THE CAT-MAN STEPS ASIDE.

NOW MR. CAT-MAN, I FIX YOU!



- AND NOW I FIX YOU!



HEARING THE COMMOTION, HERE BLONKER RUSHES IN WITH HIS DEATH RAY FLASH!

YOU-YOU-YOU ARE DEAD-MY GUN-I KILLED YOU!

NOW, NOW YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT!



TREMBLING WITH FRIGHT, HERE BLONKER DROPS THE FLASH AND THE CAT-MAN RETRIEVES IT AT ONCE.

COME ALONG WITH ME NOW, YOU FORGING FOOL YOUR BIG GAME IS UP!

I'LL COME-I'LL CONFESS! BUT DON'T LET THAT RAY TOUCH ME!

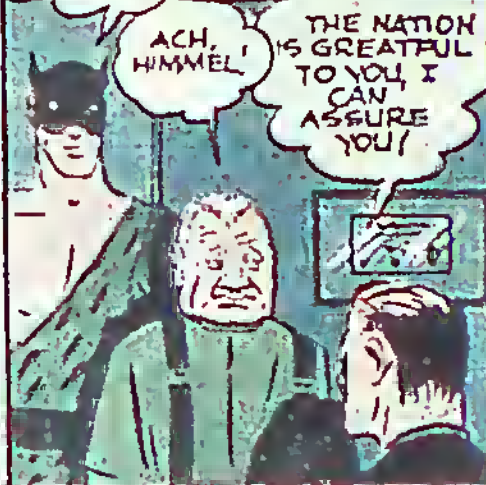


THE CAT-MAN DELIVERS BLONKER TO THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

AND HERE'S YOUR GUILTY MAN, CHIEF - THE COUNTRY WON'T BE TROUBLED WITH THIS EGG ANYMORE!

ACH, HIMMEL!

THE NATION IS GREATFUL TO YOU, I CAN ASSURE YOU!



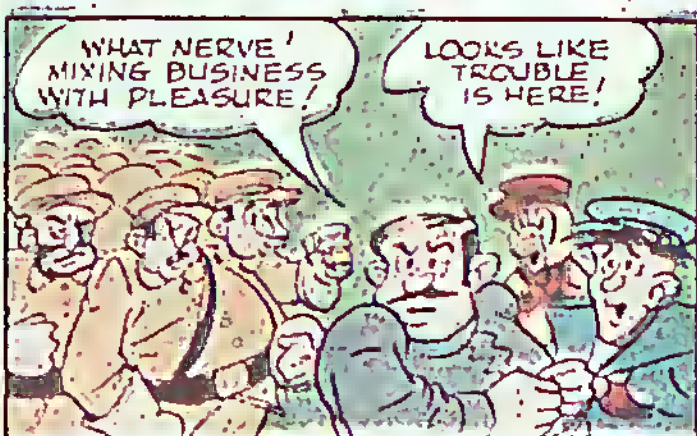
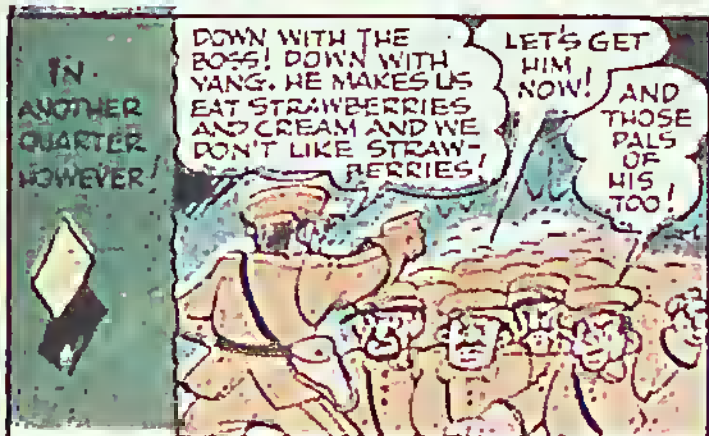
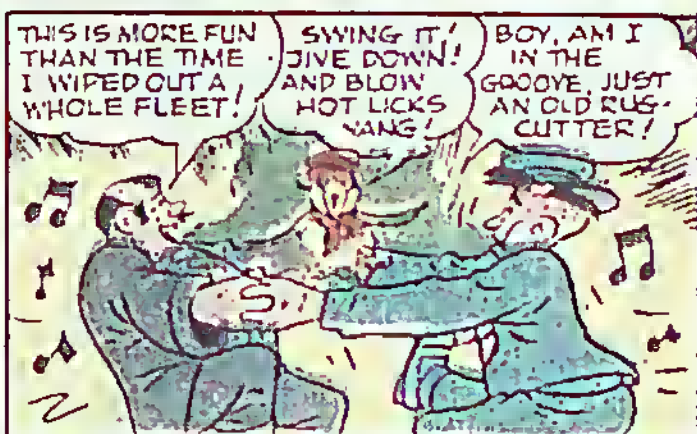
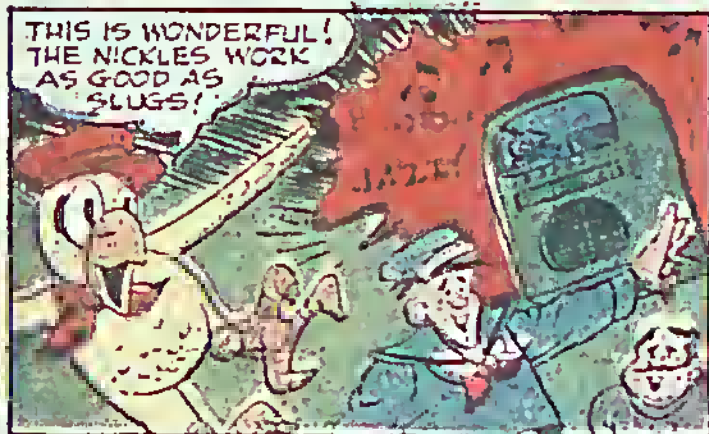
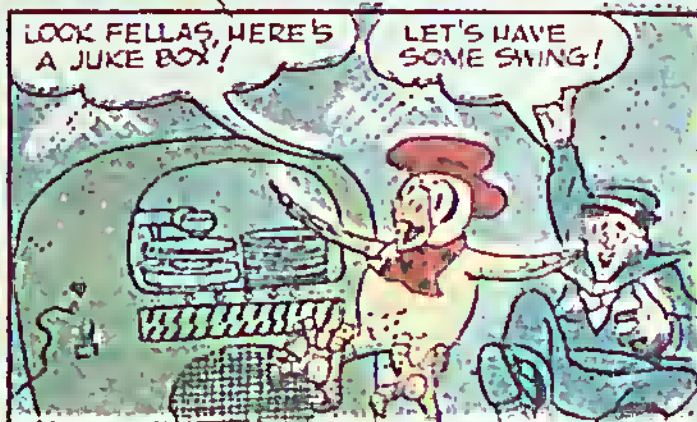
AND SO THE CAT-MAN RIGHTS ANOTHER WRONG AND LOSES ANOTHER LIFE. HE HAS ONLY 7 LIVES LEFT. WILL HE LOSE ANOTHER LIFE IN THE THRILLING ADVENTURE THAT AWAITS HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH COMICS? GET YOUR COPY EARLY AND FIND OUT!

ALEC

AND THE REIGN OF YANG

BY
R. H. H.

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT, ALEC AND HIS PARROT WERE DOOMED BY YANG, THE SLIGHTLY-MAD RULER. IT WAS ONLY BY THE PARROT'S QUICK THINKING THAT THEIR LIVES WERE SAVED WHEN HE CONCOCTED A BLACK DANDRUFF THAT WOULDN'T SHOW ON A BLUE SERGE SUIT.





WHAT A LUCKY BREAK!

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ANOTHER KIND OF A BREAK IF THEY CAUGHT THE THREE OF US!

PULL MEN, PULL! LAND HO! AN ISLAND TO THE SOUTHWEST BY NORTH NORTH EAST!



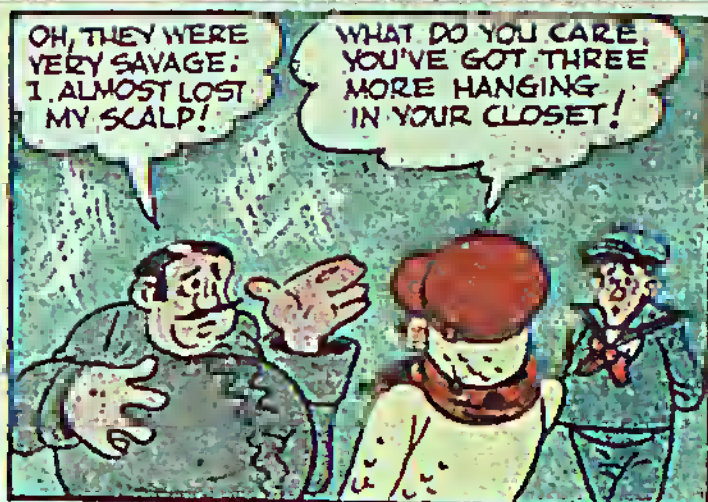
WELL EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE OKEY-DOKE NOW! WE'RE ON LAND!



THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR. I REMEMBER NOW! THIS IS THE ISLAND OF THE ACKYWACKIES, A HOSTILE TRIBE. I HAD AN EXPERIENCE WITH THEM ONCE!

THERE'RE NONE ABOUT!

YOU MUST HAVE CLEANED 'EM ALL UP!

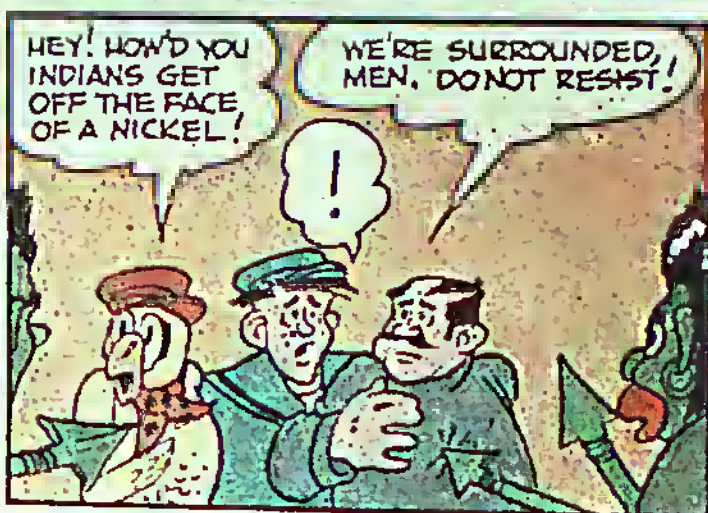


OH, THEY WERE VERY SAVAGE. I ALMOST LOST MY SCALP!

WHAT DO YOU CARE, YOU'VE GOT THREE MORE HANGING IN YOUR CLOSET!



THEIR ARRIVAL HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED!



HEY! HOW'D YOU INDIANS GET OFF THE FACE OF A NICKEL!

WE'RE SURROUNDED, MEN. DO NOT RESIST!



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE. THIS IS A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH!

I WISH IT WERE FISH. BUT IT'S GONNA BE US THREE INSTEAD!

IT'S A KETTLE OF FISH ALLRIGHT. POOR FISH! US!

ALEC, VANG AND TOOTSIE, THE PARROT, REALLY FIND THEMSELVES IN SOME TROUBLE WITH A HOSTILE TRIBE OF ACKYWACKIES! SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!

BUCK BURKE

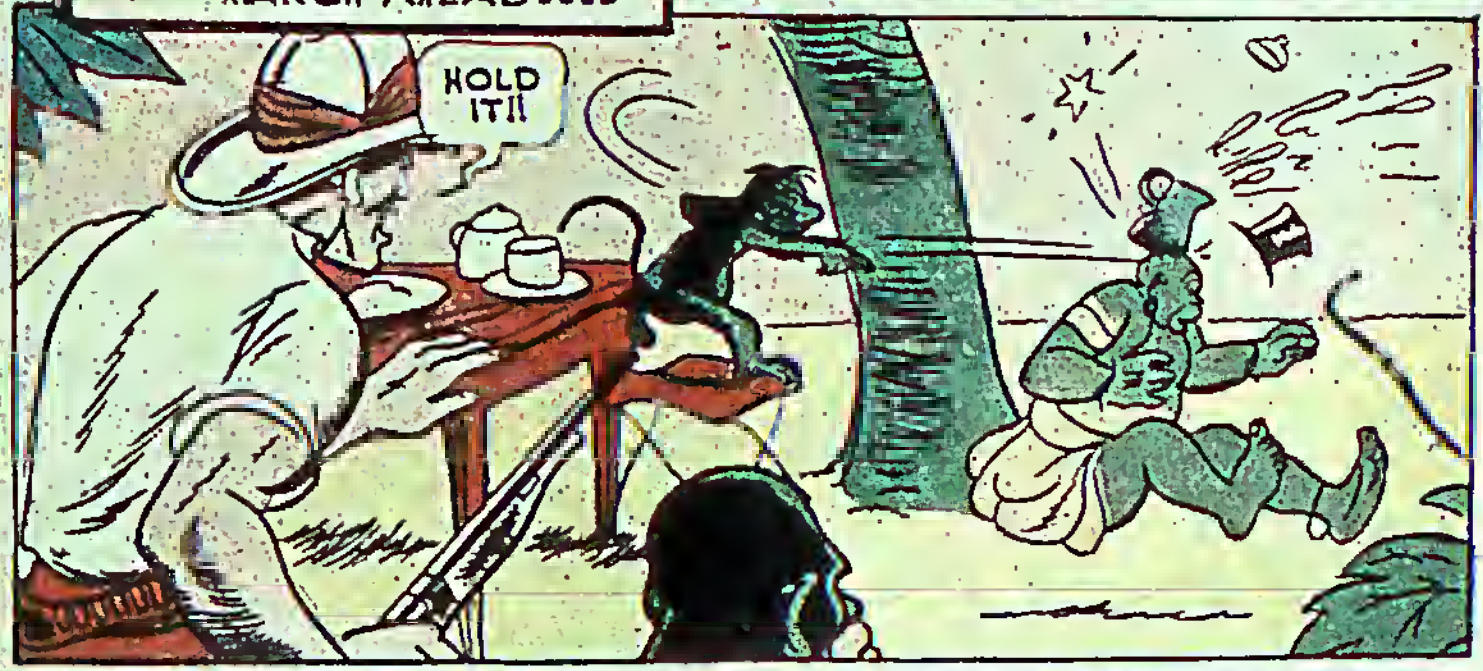
HE GETS 'EM ALIVE!

zzz

BUCK AND HIS HUNTERS ARE BREAKING CAMP FOR A TREK INTO THE MOUNTAINS SEEKING A RARE ANTELOPE... JO JO, THE INTERPRETER IS RELAXING, RESTING FOR THE LONG MARCH AHEAD....



HOLD IT!



PULL YOUR-SELF TOGETHER, JO JO, I'LL SEE THAT SINBAD TREATS YOU WITH MORE RESPECT...



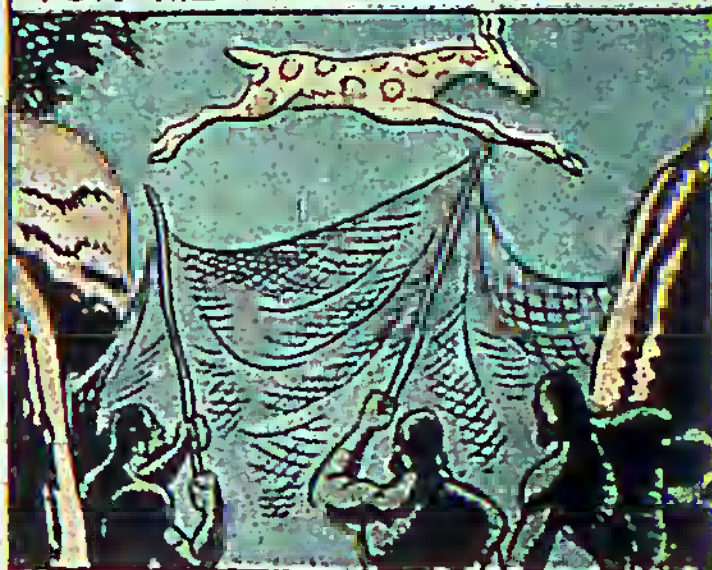
FOUR HOUR'S MARCH BRINGS THE PARTY FROM THE STEAMING JUNGLE HIGH INTO THE PLATEAUS AND FOOT HILLS...



DAYS
PASS
AS BUCK
STALKS
THE
SWIFT
AND WARY
ANTELOPES.
ACCUSTOMED
TO THE
JUNGLE,
THE BLACKS
KNOW OF
NO WAY
TO TRAP
THEM...



THE ELUSIVE GAZELLES
EASILY HURDLE NETS SPREAD
FOR THEM AND ESCAPE



NOW
YOU
SEE
EM,
NOW
YOU
DON'T!



ANOTHER DAY GONE
AND STILL NO LUCK
.... CAN YOU THINK OF
ANYTHING WE HAVEN'T
TRIED, JO JO?

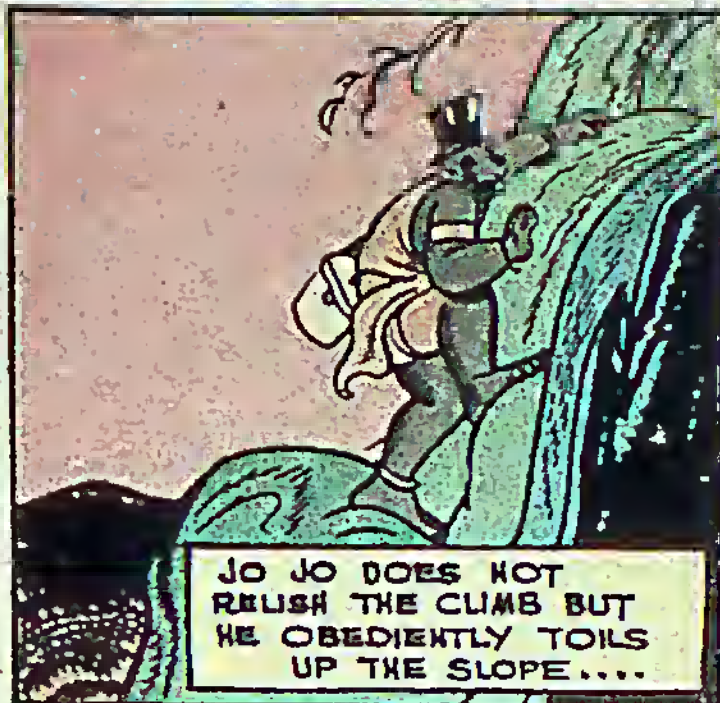
LIONS AND RHINOS WERE A CINCH
COMPARED TO THESE
SPEEDERS... THE MAIN TROUBLE
SEEMS TO BE THEY'RE SO MUCH
SMARTER THAN WE ARE.....



I HAVE A PLAN
TO SPOT THEM
... IT MIGHT
WORK.....



TAKE THESE FIELD GLASSES
AND CLIMB THAT CLIFF,
JO JO... IF YOU SIGHT THE
HERD BLOW THE BUGLE
AND POINT....



JO JO DOES NOT
RUSH THE CLIMB BUT
HE OBEDIENTLY TOILS
UP THE SLOPE....



AFTER
GAINING THE
SUMMIT
HE
SURVEYS
THE PLATEAU
BELOW
WITHOUT
SEEING
THE
GAME...

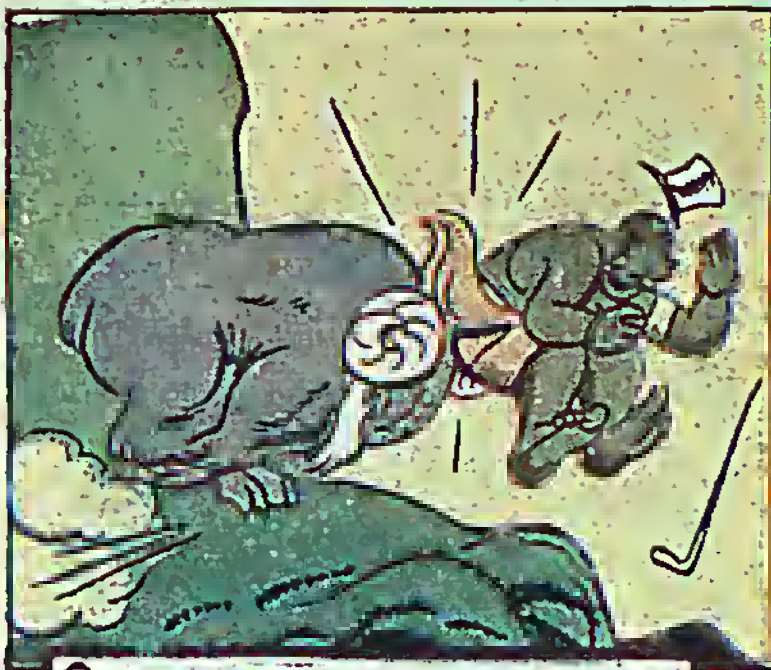


THEN EXHAUSTED BY
THE CLIMB JO JO PERMITS
HIMSELF TO RELAX.....

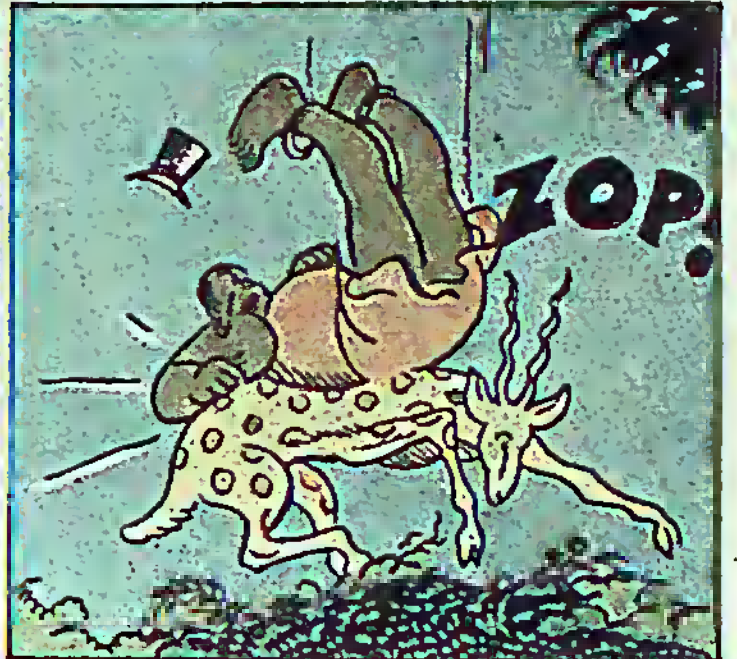
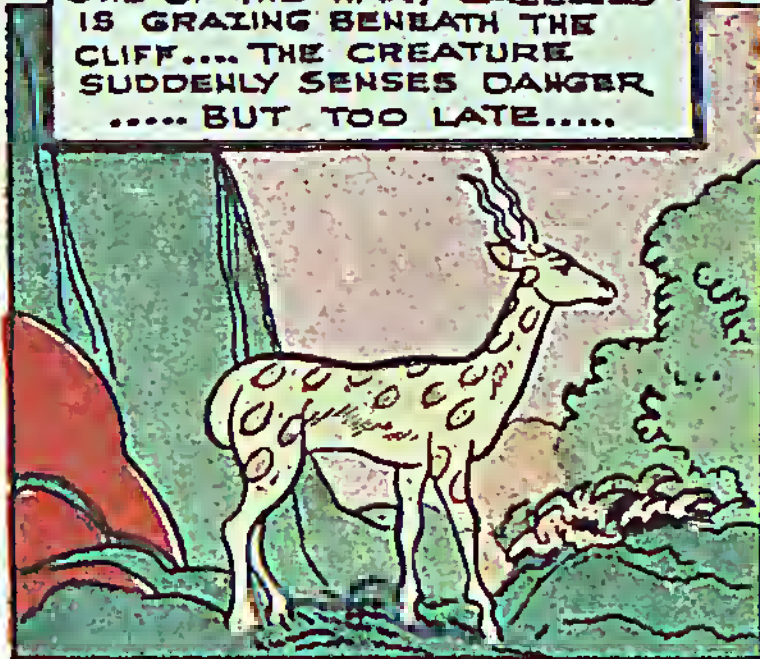
222

AS HE RISES HE FAILS
TO NOTICE HE IS DIRECTLY
IN THE PATH OF A
HUGE MOUNTAIN GOAT...



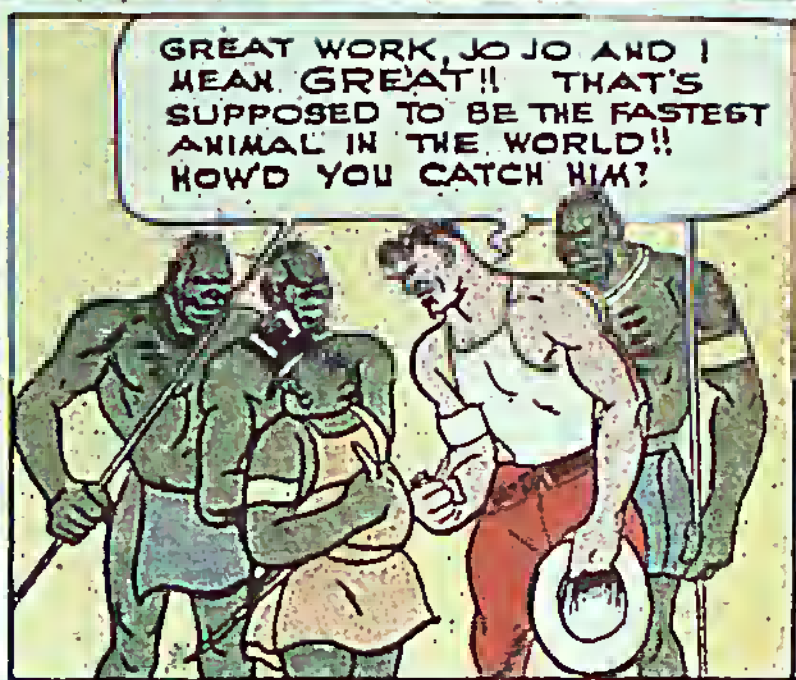


ONE OF THE WARY GAZELLES
IS GRAZING BENEATH THE
CLIFF.... THE CREATURE
SUDDENLY SENSES DANGER
..... BUT TOO LATE.....





THE LITTLE ANTELOPE IS SO MUCH ALIVE THAT BUCK AND HIS MEN HAVE DIFFICULTY CAGING HIM.....



THE BLUE STREAK

THE DEFENDER OF THE PEOPLE

THE BLUE STREAK MOVES TO FREE MEN OF IMPORTANCE; AND TO SAVE THEM FROM DEATH SENTENCES PASSED BY CRUEL DICTATORS AND DESPOTS. SINCE THEIR AIM IS TO DESTROY MEN OF ABILITY AND BRILLIANCE THE BLUE STREAK HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THWART EVERY ONE OF THEIR ATTEMPTS.

SPECIAL BULLETIN: THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM BY SHORT-WAVE LEARNED TO-DAY THAT ADMIRAL SWAN, THE INTREPID EXPLORER, HAS NOT COMMUNICATED WITH HIS BASE DURING THE LAST FORTY EIGHT HOURS! AND NOW WE CONTINUE WITH OUR MUSICAL PROGRAM!



I SMELL TROUBLE TAGO, CALL THE AIRPORT. TELL THEM TO HAVE MY PLANE PREPARED FOR A LONG FLIGHT AT ONCE AND INSTRUCT THEM TO ATTACH SKIS TO THE LANDING GEAR!



IN HIS DISTINCTIVE UNIFORM THE BLUE STREAK ARRIVES AT THE AIRPORT

ADMIRAL SWAN IS TOO VALUABLE A MAN TO HIS COUNTRY! I MUST DO MY UTMOST TO RESCUE HIM!



TWO DAYS LATER THE CRAFT OF THE BLUE STREAK REACHES ITS DESTINATION IN THE ANTARCTIC



HE PROCEEDS AT ONCE TO CAMP #2 OF ADMIRAL SWAN!

I HAVE COME TO OFFER MY AGGISTANCE GENTLEMEN!



IT IS USELESS! ADMIRAL SWAN SET OUT A MONTH AGO TO ESTABLISH CAMP ONE AND DURING THE LAST TWO DAYS HE HAS NOT BEEN IN TOUCH WITH US!

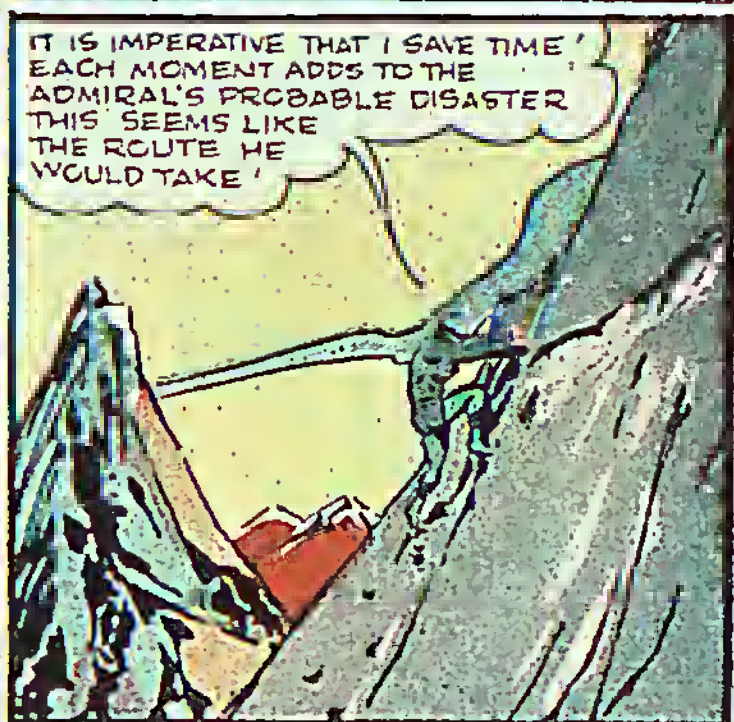
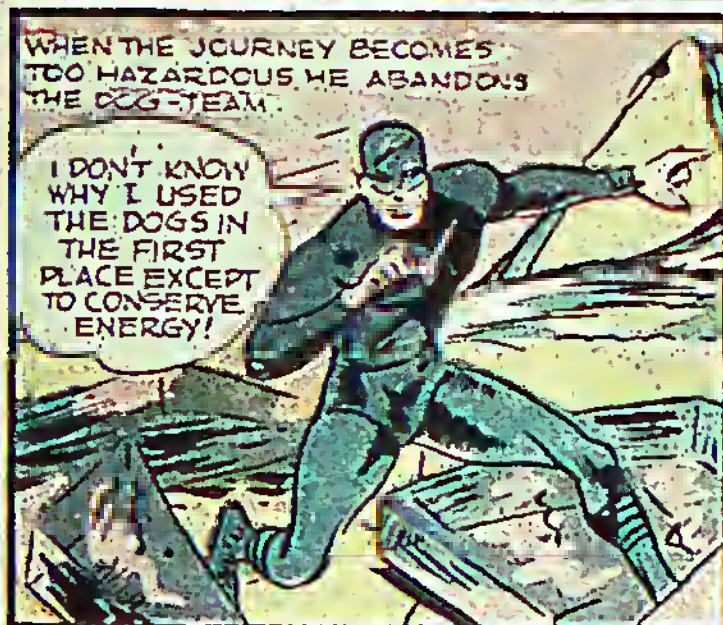
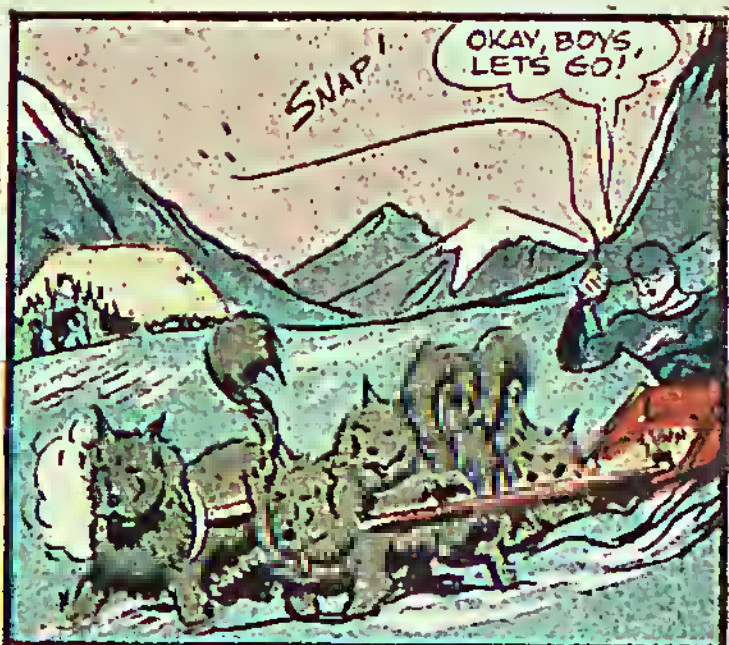
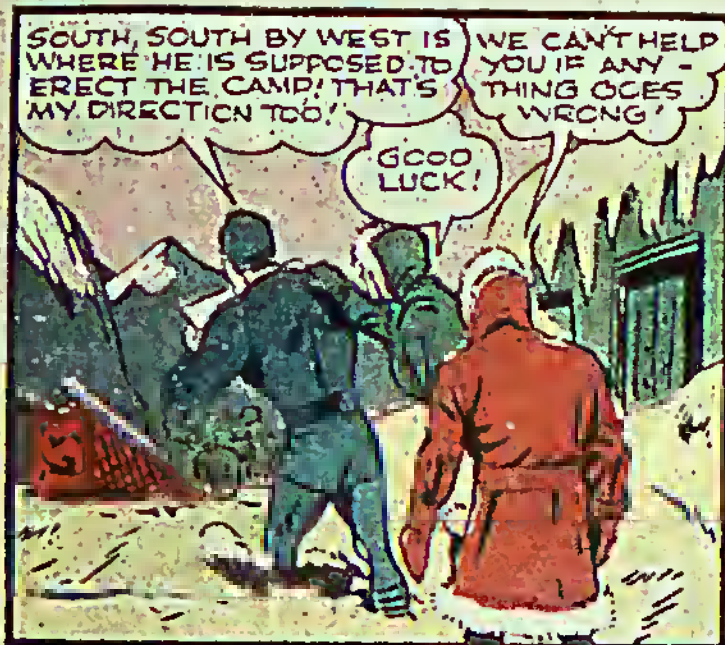
THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! THE ADMIRAL IS DEAD!

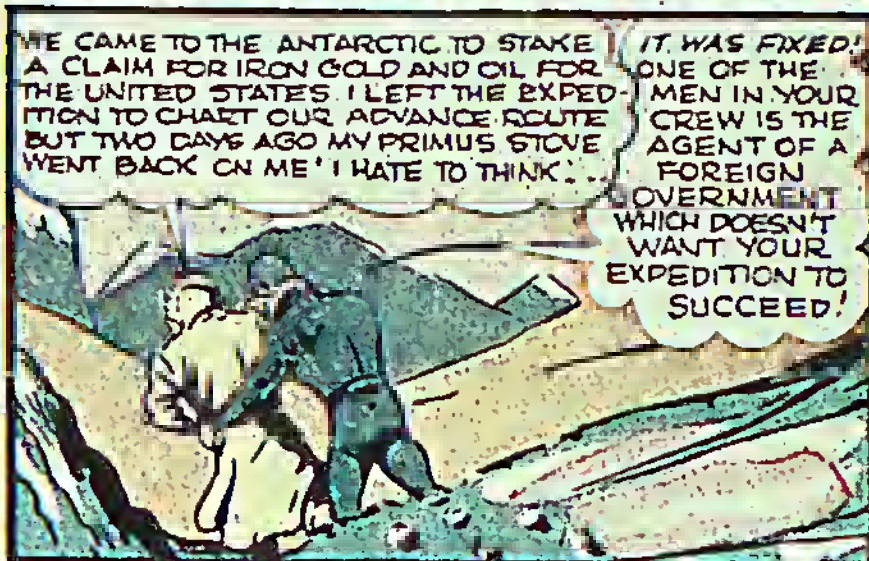
NEVERTHELESS, I SHALL ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIM!

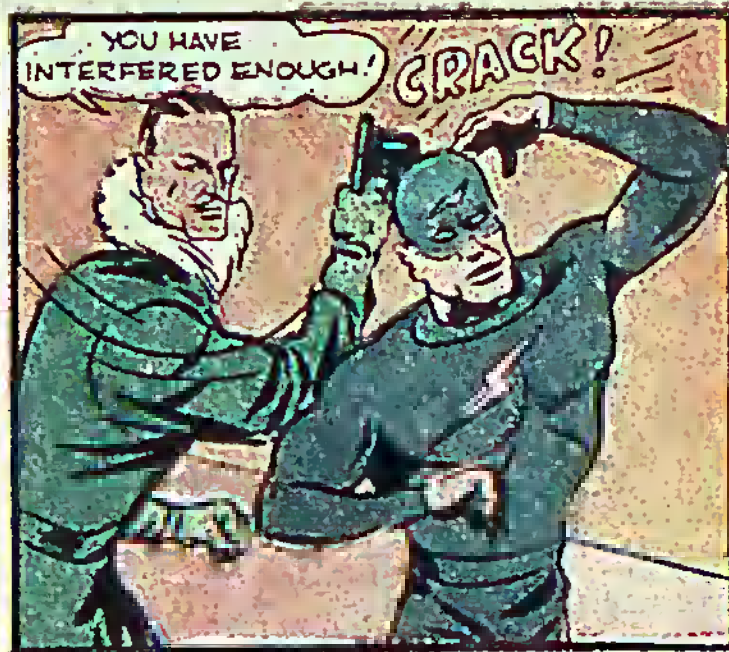
IF YOU CAN FIND HIM! THE JOURNEY TOWARD THE POLE IS PERILOUS!

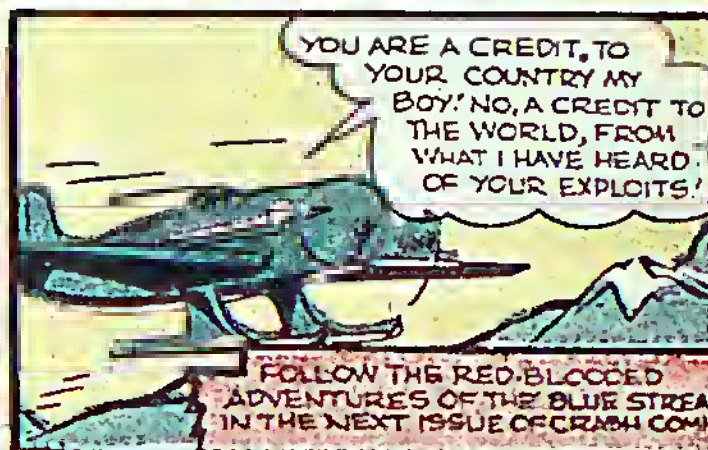
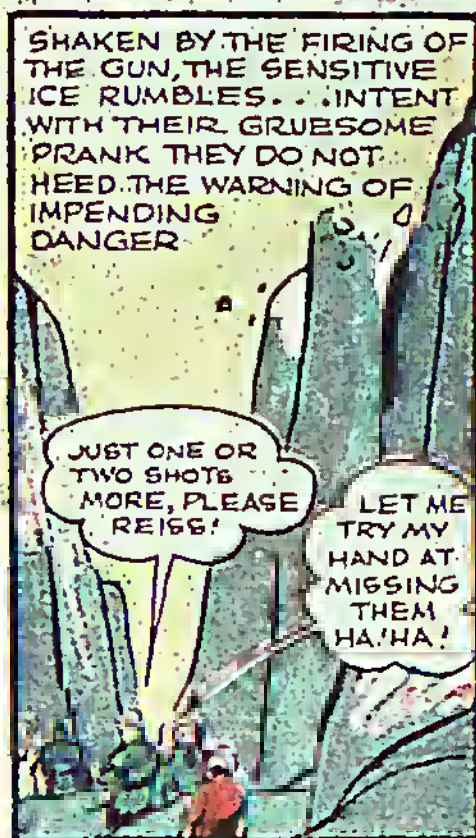
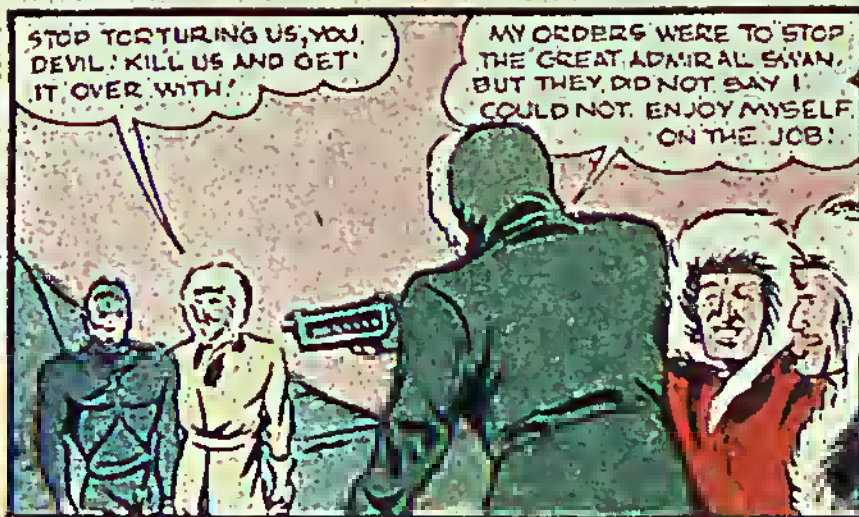


I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE! HERE IS A MAP THAT MAY HELP YOU!





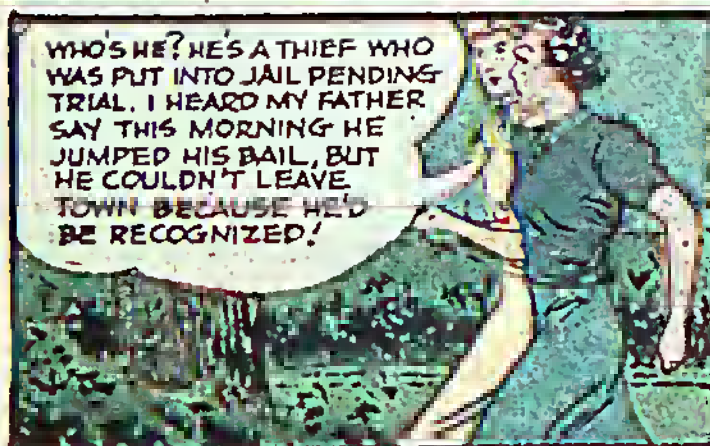
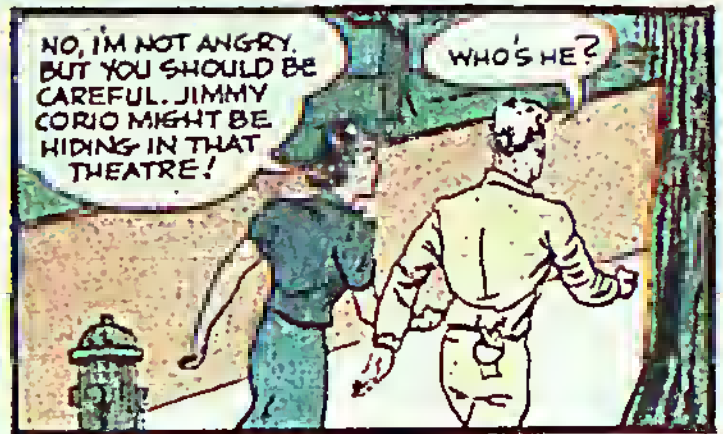
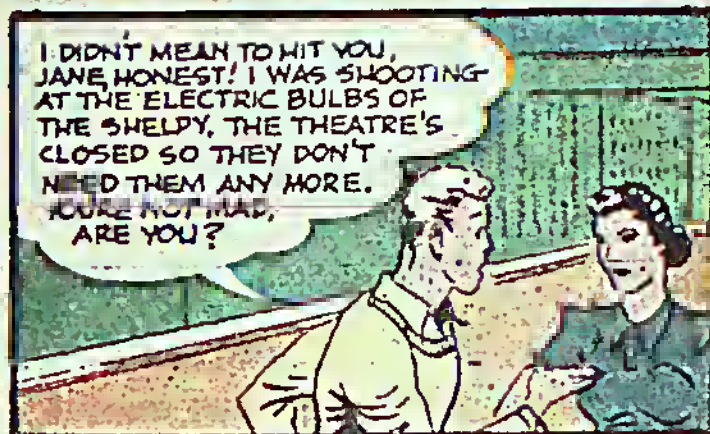
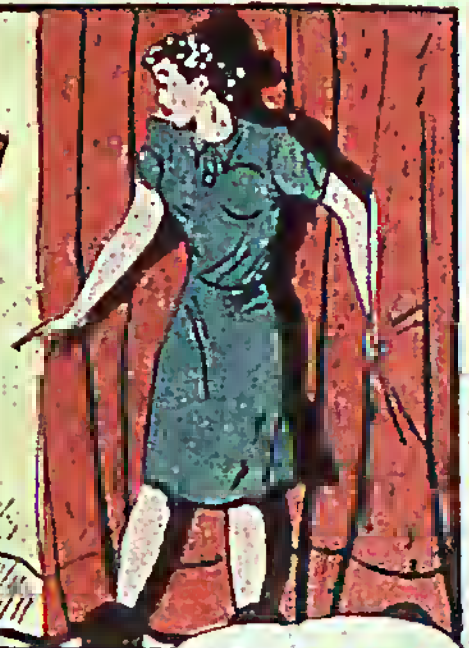


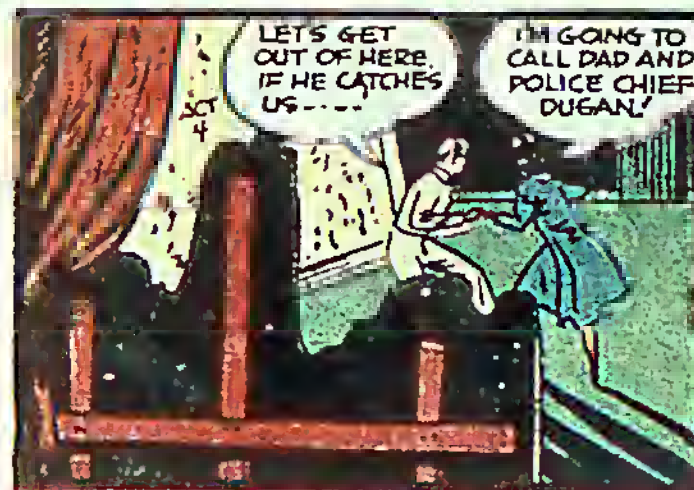


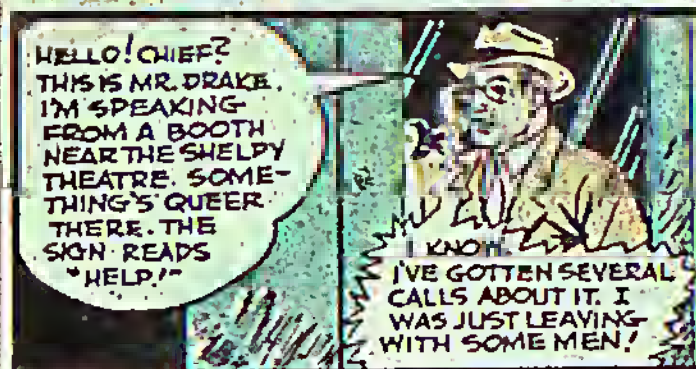
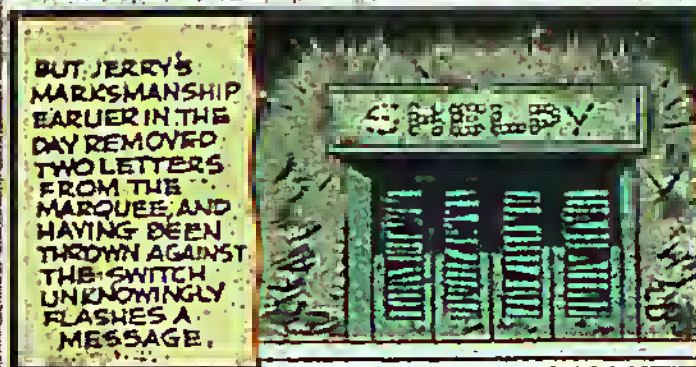
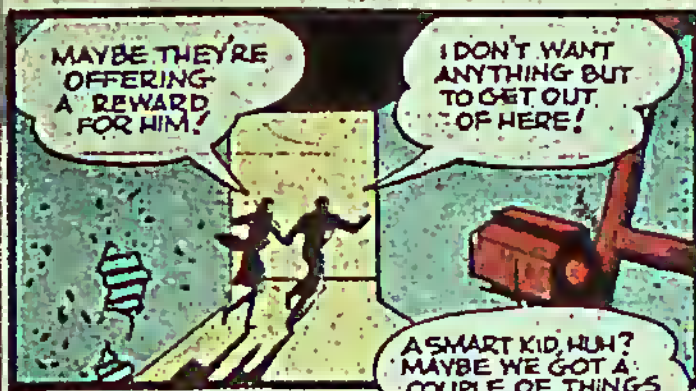
JANE DRAKE

DETECTIVE

BECAUSE OF HER INNUMERABLE ESCAPES IN WHICH SHE FORTUNATELY HAS AVOIDED HARM, JANE DRAKE HAS BEEN WARNED BY HER FATHER TO DISCONTINUE HER CAREER AS A SELF-APPOINTED DETECTIVE, BUT SHE REMAINS EVER-READY TO THE CALL OF ADVENTURE.









THE
STAGE
DOOR
BURSTS
OPEN
AND
CHIEF
DUGAN,
FOLLOWED
BY HIS
MEN,
ENTER
THE
THEATRE



THERE
THEY ARE!
JANE, JERRY!

DON'T
SHOOT, BOYS.
YOU MAY HIT
THE KIDS!
CHARGE
'EM!

YOU
MUGS HAVE
QUITE A
FLAIR FOR
DRAMATICS!



THE
THUGS
PREPARE
TO
MAKE
A
STAND
AGAINST
THE
POLICE

THEY AINT
GONNA SHOOT,
COME ON
SAIL IN!

EASY
JANE -
DON'T BE
FRIGHTENED!



OH! CRACK!



O.K. BOYS.
I GUESS THEY
HAD ENOUGH.
LOCK 'EM UP!

WELL, IF THE
SHELDY PRESENTED
DRAMAS AS EXCITING
AS THIS ONE, IT WOULDN'T
HAVE CLOSED!

YOU'RE RIGHT MR.
DRAKE. AND JERRY
COULD PLAY DAVID,
WHO BROUGHT
DOWN GOLIATH WITH
HIS SLINGSHOT!



IN THE
NICK OF
TIME
JERRY
SPOTS
CORIO IN
THE BOX
AIMING
AT
CHIEF
DUGAN.

I OWE YOU
SOMETHING,
WISE
GUY.

OW!



NEXT MONTH IN
CRASH JANE DRAKE
LURES POOR
JERRY INTO
ANOTHER
THRILLER!

BOB PRESTON

EXPLORER



THE N.Y. MUSEUM OF CULTURAL HISTORY HAS COMMISSIONED YOUNG BOB PRESTON TO TRY TO LOCATE THE LONG SOUGHT TOMB OF TUT SHAH-HI AMEN. ACCOMPANIED BY PROF. DALE OF THE GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WHO IS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE EXPEDITION, BOB SAILS OVER THE WATERS OF THE ARABIAN SEA.

WELL PROFESSOR, HERE WE ARE AT RAS EL HADD. WE'LL HIRE A CREW OF NATIVES AND A STRING OF CAMELS, AND THEN—

AND THEN THE DAWNA, OR AS THEY CALL IT HERE, THE BAL KHALI DESERT!



OKAY AMMAN. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR. I'LL LET YOU TAKE CARE OF THE DETAILS. YOU'RE THE LEADER, I WANT TWELVE MEN AND FIFTEEN CAMELS!



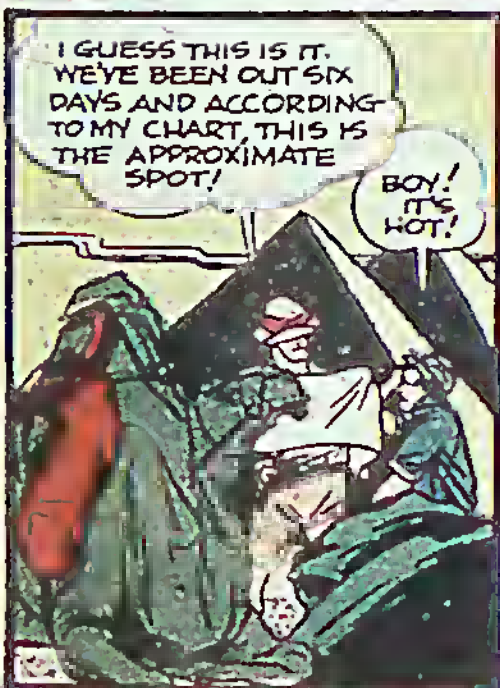
LATER BOB TALKS WITH THE NATIVE CHIEF.

TO AVOID THE HEAT OF THE DAY, THAT NIGHT THE CARAVAN GETS UNDER WAY.



I GUESS THIS IS IT. WE'VE BEEN OUT SIX DAYS AND ACCORDING TO MY CHART, THIS IS THE APPROXIMATE SPOT!

BOY! IT'S HOT!



THE NEXT DAY, WORK BEGINS....



ON THE THIRD DAY...

MASTER! COME QUICK, WE HAVE REACHED A TOMB!



BOB AND PROFESSOR DALE DESCEND INTO THE EXCAVATION.

WE'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES WHETHER ALL THIS WORK WAS IN VAIN!

THESE HIEROGLYPHS SAY THIS IS THE TOMB OF... WAIT A MINUTE!

THIS IS IT! WE'RE RIGHT. IT'S THE TOMB OF OLD TUT SHA-HI'AMEN HIMSELF!

OH! THIS IS A BEAUT! I'LL CABLE THE MUSEUM AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

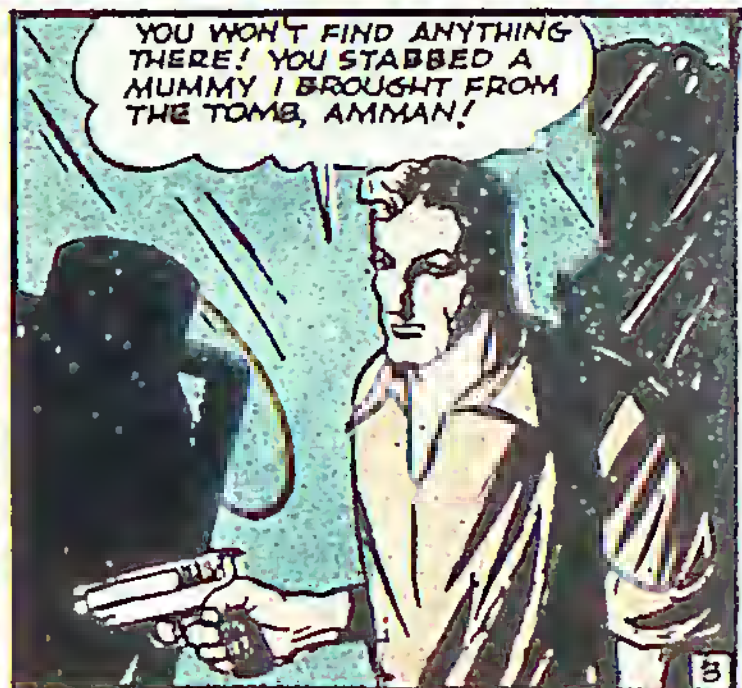
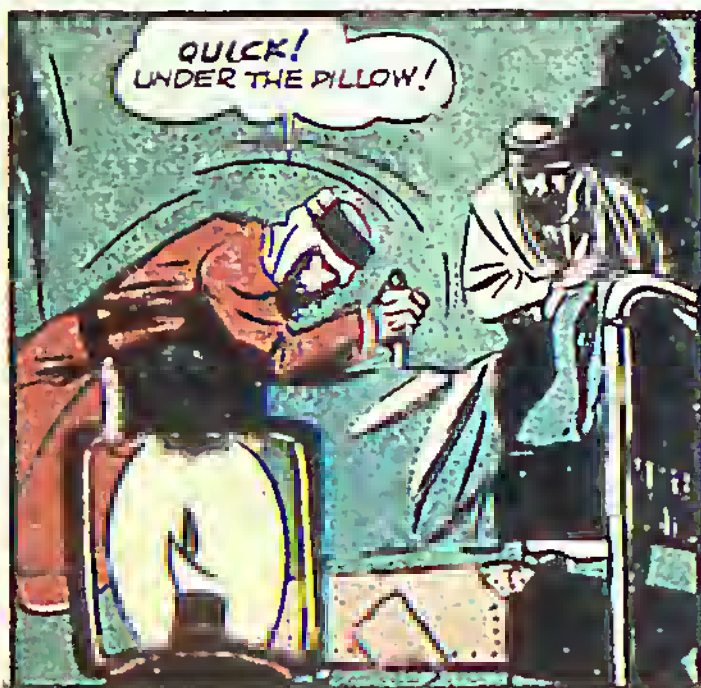
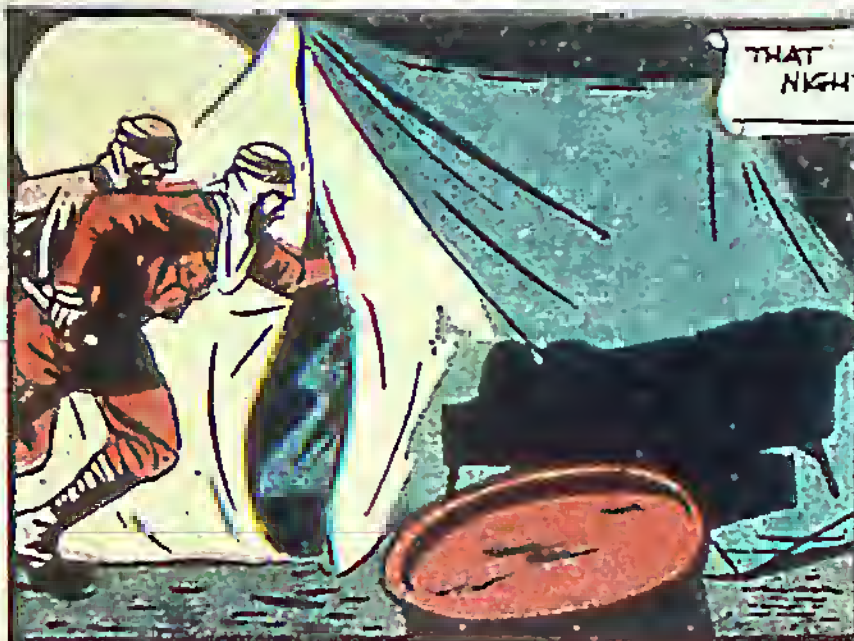
IT'S GETTING TOO DARK FOR ME TO TAKE PICTURES. I'LL DO THEM TOMORROW!

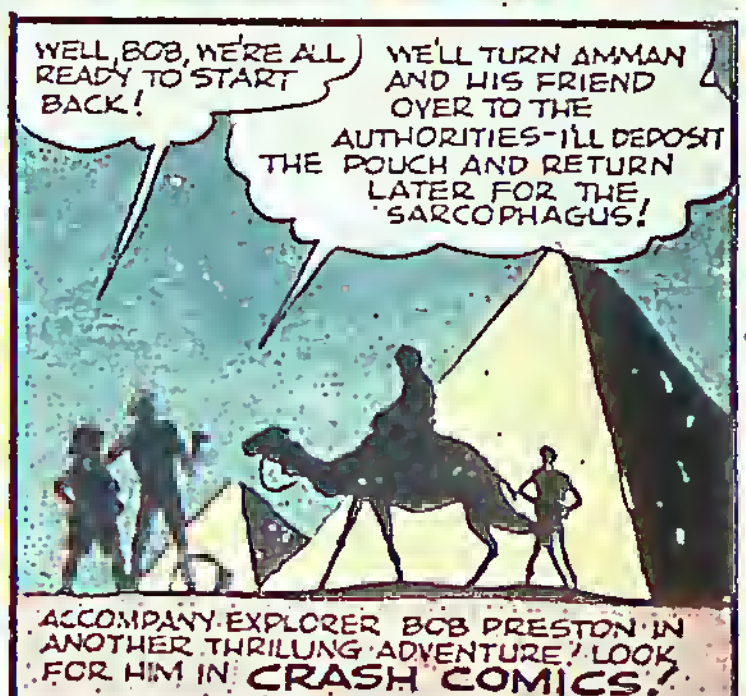
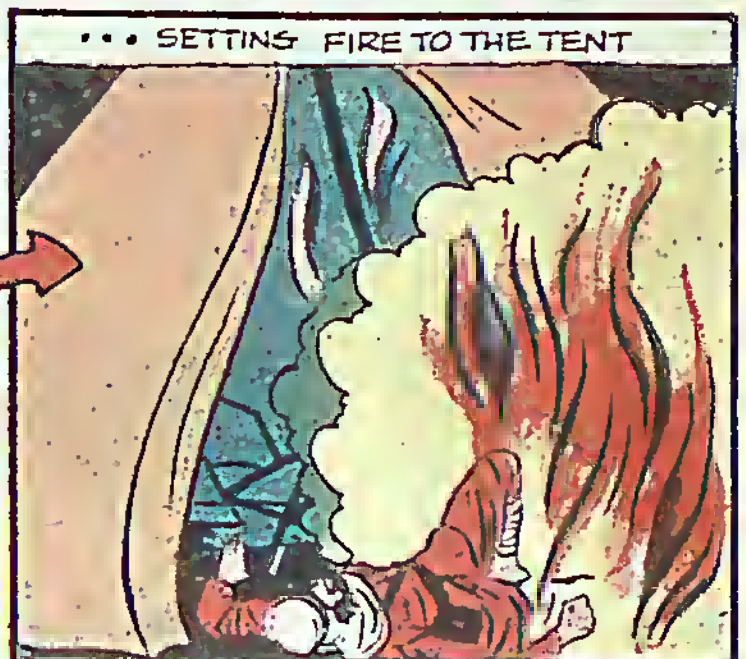
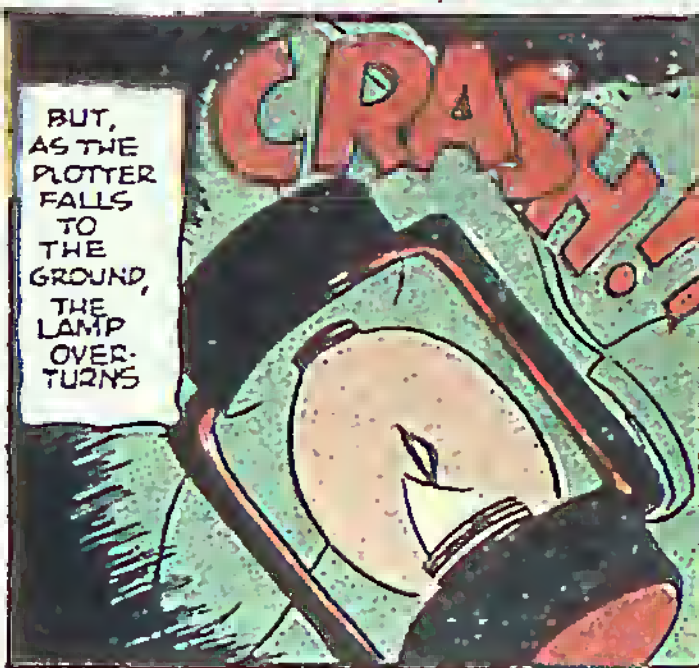
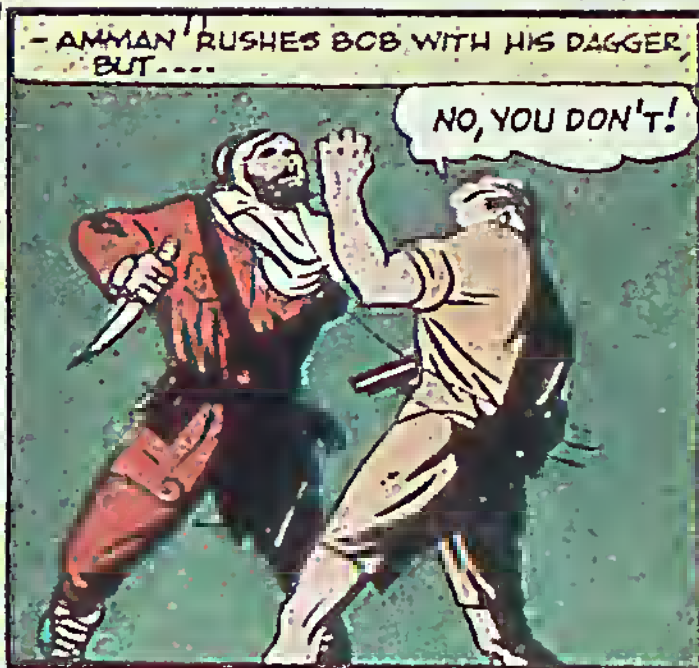
BUT BOB'S HAPPINESS IS DUE TO BE SHORT LIVED:

THERE MUST BE TREASURE BURIED WITHIN THE COFFIN OF THE PHARAOH. LET HIM GET IT OUT, THEN IT SHALL BE EASY FOR US!

THIS IS TOUGH WORK, BUT IT'S GIVING OVER HERE!

I'M GETTING THROUGH THIS, TOO!

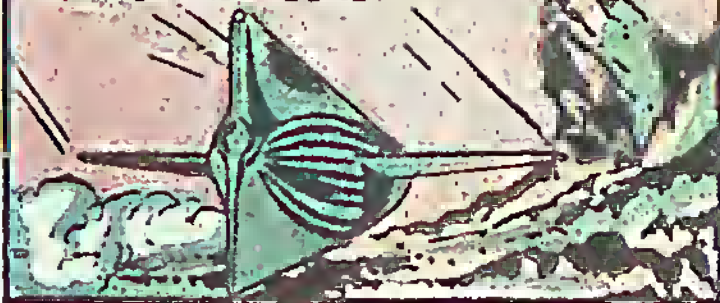




SOLAR LEGION

SCIENTISTS FREELY ADMIT THAT A CENTURY HENCE, THE BARRIERS ENCIRCLING THE PLANETS SHALL DISAPPEAR AND THE STRANGE FORCES BINDING MAN TO EARTH SHALL FALL BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF HIS INVENTION. OUT OF THIS COSMIC CHAOS, ADAM STARR HAS RISEN, PLEDGED TO UNITE THE PLANETS... IN PEACE... IN HIS SPACE CRAFT HE CHARGES TOWARD JUPITER...

AND HE LANDS WITHIN A FEW SPACE-HOURS.

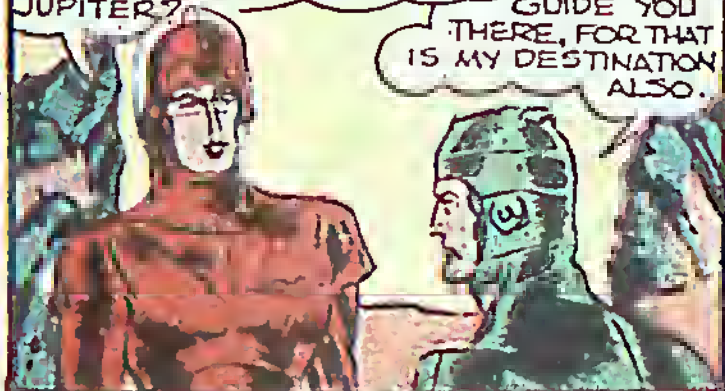


THE PEOPLE OF JUPITER LOOK HAPPY. IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO FORM A POST OF SOLAR LEGION HERE



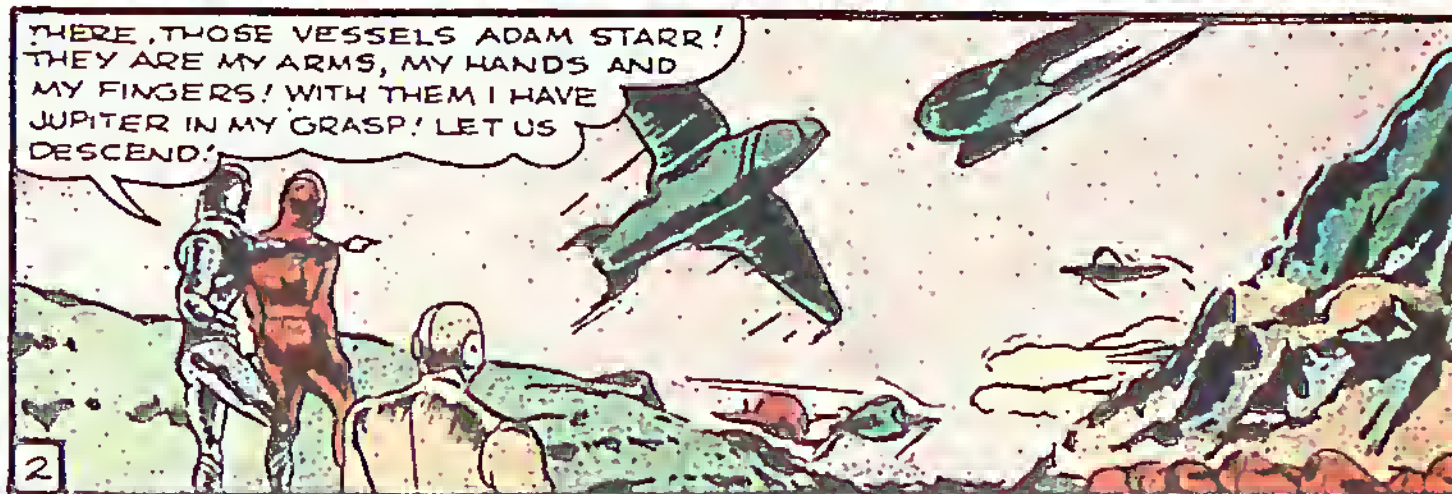
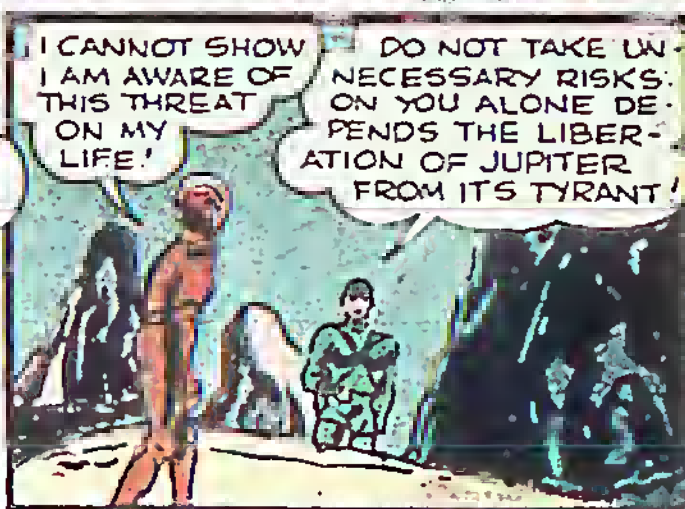
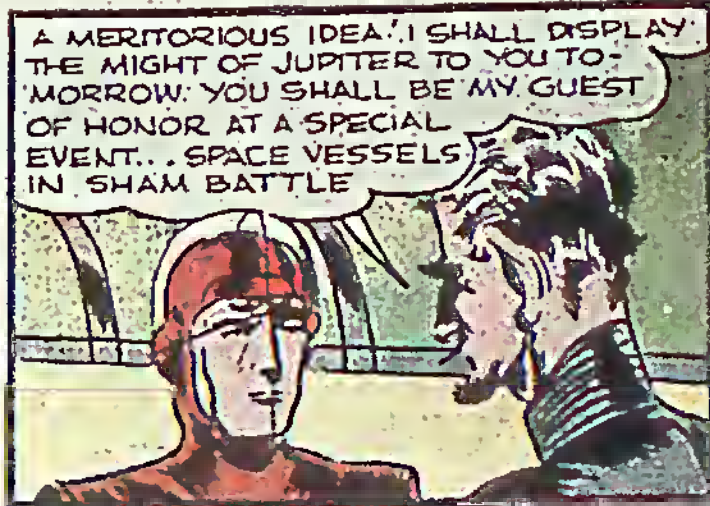
CAN YOU TELL ME HOW I CAN REACH THE COURT OF FALKEN, THE POTENTATE OF JUPITER?

TO BE SURE STRANGER, I SHALL GUIDE YOU THERE, FOR THAT IS MY DESTINATION ALSO.



THE POPULACE OF JUPITER SEEMS PLEASED! DO NOT LET APPEARANCES FOOL YOU THEY ARE MISERABLE FOR THEY ARE BURDENED WITH TAXES BY FALKEN, THE DESPOT.





THE SHAM BATTLE STARTS SHORTLY. ADAM, WHY DON'T YOU WATCH IT FROM THE STRATOSPHERE? I WILL GIVE YOU ONE OF MY MOST SKILLFUL PILOTS!

INDEED! WHY NOT? I ACCEPT YOUR GENEROUS OFFER!



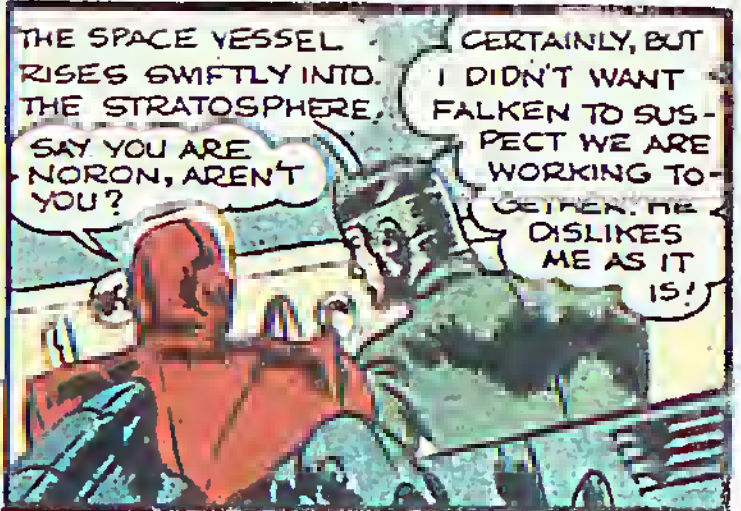
AH, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE TO BE MY PILOT?

I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOME MISTAKE! I DO NOT RECOGNIZE YOU!



THE SPACE VESSEL RISES SWIFTLY INTO THE STRATOSPHERE. SAY YOU ARE NORON, AREN'T YOU?

CERTAINLY, BUT I DIDN'T WANT FALKEN TO SUSPECT WE ARE WORKING TOGETHER. HE DISLIKES ME AS IT IS!

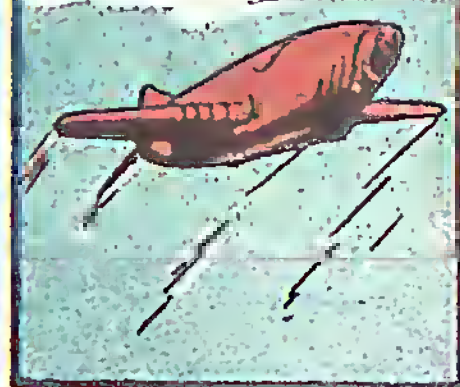


THERE HE GOES NOW! YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU ARE TO DO?

I AM TO SHOOT REAL FIRE RAYS INSTEAD OF THE BLANK RAYS USED BY THE OTHER VESSELS. WITH THE ENTIRE FLEET MANEUVERING IN THE AIR, NO ONE WILL KNOW WHO DEALT THE FATAL BLOW TO ADAM STARR!

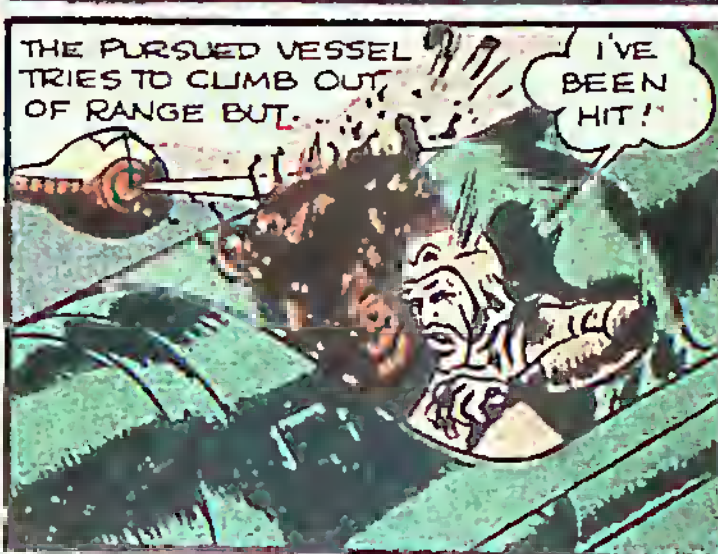
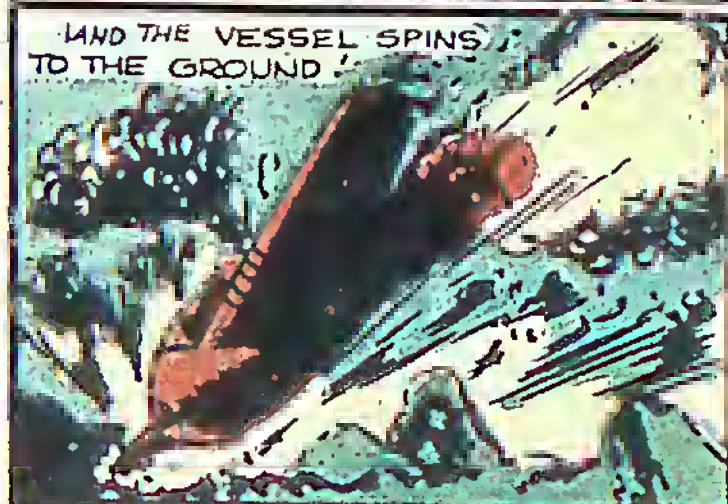
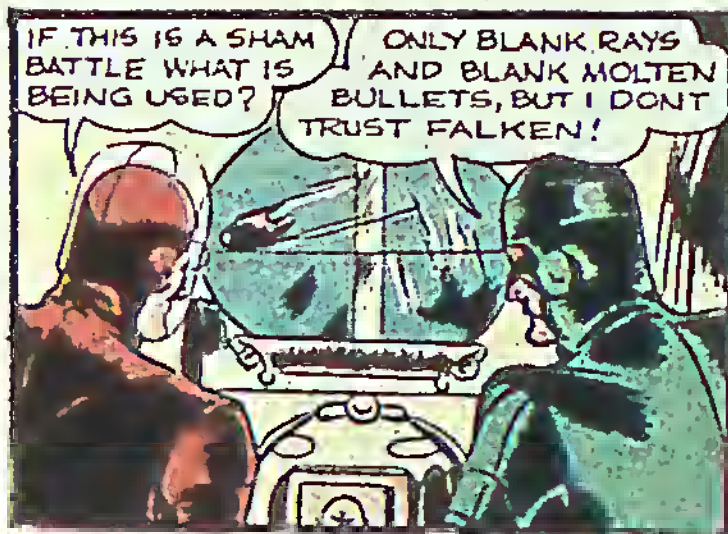


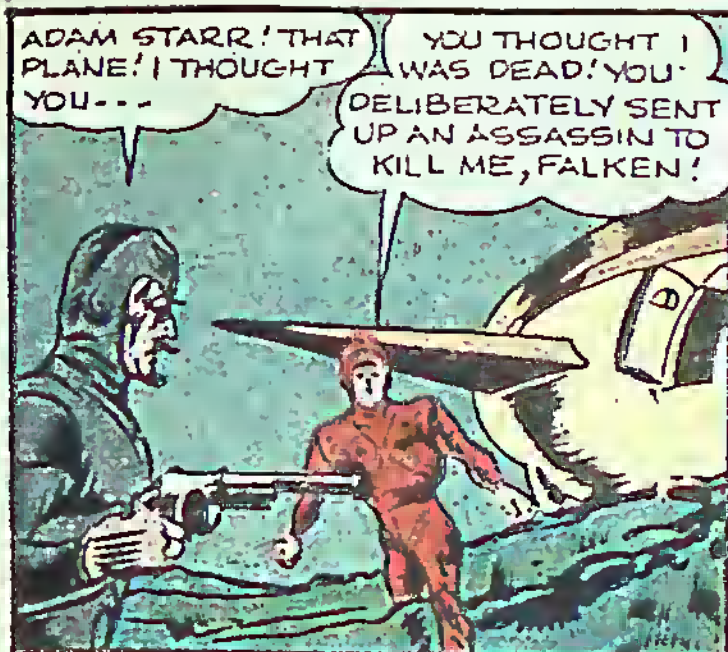
THE SHIP MANNED BY FALKEN'S AIDE SWEEPS INTO THE SHAM BATTLE



THE SPACE CRAFTS JOCKEY FOR POSITION...







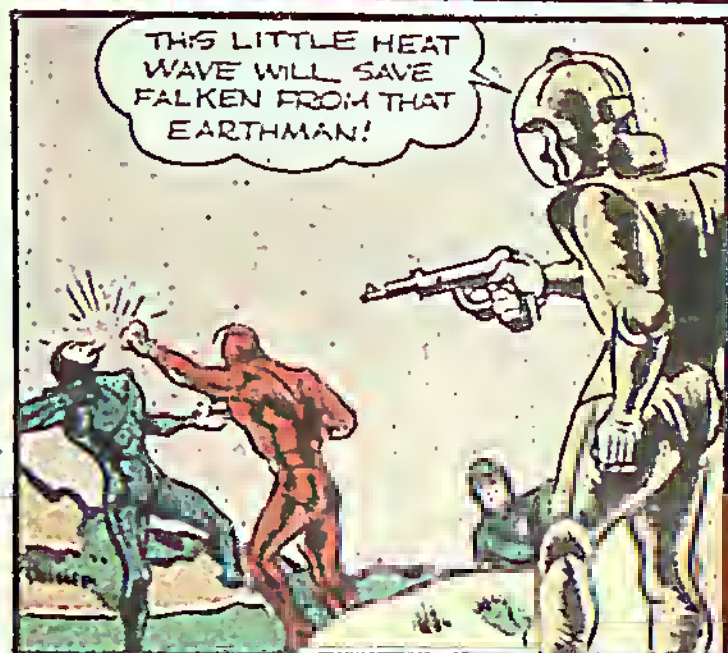
ADAM STARR! THAT PLANE! I THOUGHT YOU--

YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD! YOU DELIBERATELY SENT UP AN ASSASSIN TO KILL ME, FALKEN!



YES, YOU INTERFERING FOOL!

GIVE ME THAT COOLER YOU MURDERER!

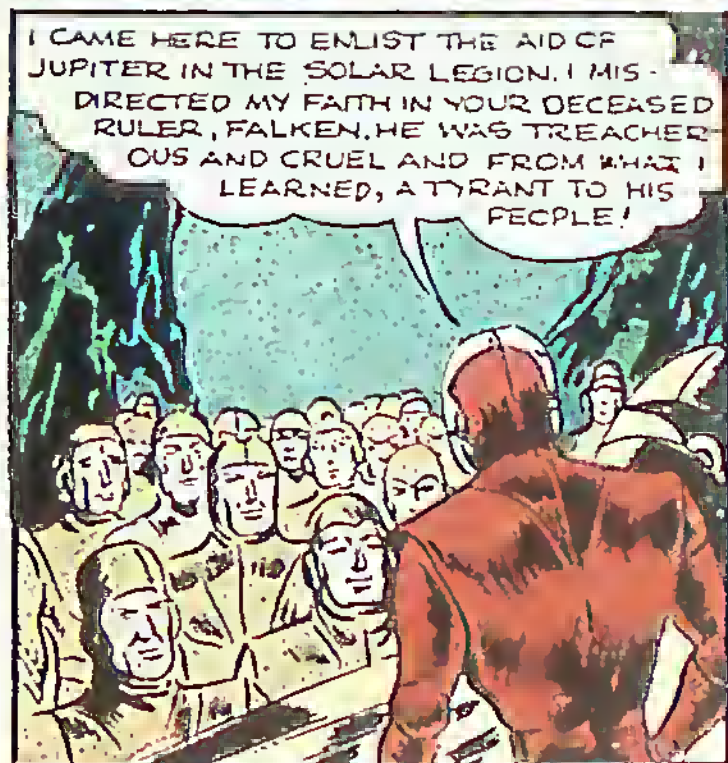


THIS LITTLE HEAT WAVE WILL SAVE FALKEN FROM THAT EARTHMAN!

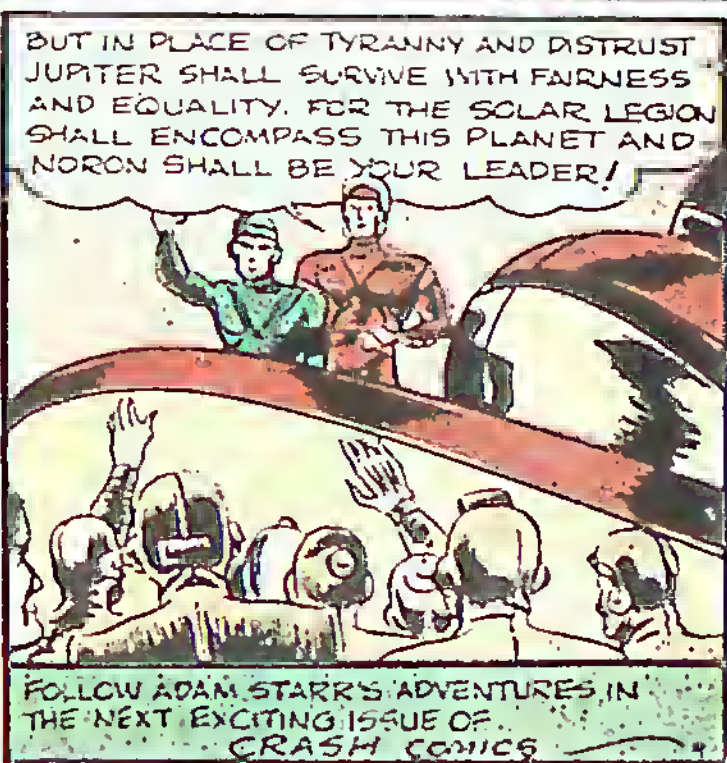


LOOK OUT ADAM! LIQUID FIRE!

ADAM WARNED--SIDESTEPS!



I CAME HERE TO ENLIST THE AID OF JUPITER IN THE SOLAR LEGION. I MISDIRECTED MY FAITH IN YOUR DECEASED RULER, FALKEN. HE WAS TREACHEROUS AND CRUEL AND FROM WHAT I LEARNED, A TYRANT TO HIS PEOPLE!



BUT IN PLACE OF TYRANNY AND DISTRUST JUPITER SHALL SURVIVE WITH FAIRNESS AND EQUALITY. FOR THE SOLAR LEGION SHALL ENCOMPASS THIS PLANET AND NORON SHALL BE YOUR LEADER!

FOLLOW ADAM STARR'S ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF CRASH COMICS



Waterfront

Wildcat

by

Robert Turner

THEY once said that Jeff Farno was a screwball. They said he was no good, the hard-working folks down there on the docks. "Jeff never did nothin'," they used to say, "cept hang around the wharves all day, talking to sailors fresh in from foreign ports. He's a lazy good-for-nothin' who'll never have any spunk, or do a good day's work in his life!"

And they were right, mostly. Young Jeff would just grin at their jibes, and say: "When my time comes, I'll do my share of sweatin'. I just got some unusual ideaz about work, and ain't no use telling you 'bout it, 'cause you'd only laugh at me!"

Then this thing happened about the river pirates . . .

There was a gang of them. The slickest and meanest bunch of wharf rats that ever hoisted a bale from a warehouse. Police couldn't seem to come near catching them. Crime after crime they committed. Several warehouse watchmen were killed. Finally, in desperation, one of the wharf owners put up signs all over the waterfront, offering a reward of \$500 for the capture, dead or alive, of the river pirates.

Jeff Farno used to sit in front of one of those posters for hours, just staring at it and dreaming. Folks would twit him: "What you gonna do with that money when you get it, Jeff?"

And Jeff would give them the same answer a hundred times a day. "You'll see," he'd say. "You'll see!"

That was during the day. At night Jeff was busy. He took turns spending the night at warehouses that hadn't been robbed yet by the

pirates. Watching and waiting. A week went by, and one night Jeff's patience was rewarded. From his hiding place behind a bulkhead, he saw a trim speedboat without running lights glide up to the wharf.

He watched dim figures dart into the warehouse and out again carrying great bundles of goods. When they were all through, and started off, Jeff followed. He raced along the docks, leaping across great stretches of water, always keeping the dim shadow of the pirate's boat out on the water, in view.

You see, Jeff had it all figured; that those pirates had their hideout somewhere close at hand, where no one would ever think of looking for them. He was right.

A half mile down from the warehouse they'd robbed, Jeff saw the pirate's boat cut shoreward. He heard the motors cut off. He watched the slim silhouette of the speedboat disappear into the blackness of an old abandoned sewer main.

Jeff arrived at the exit of the sewer, puffing from his long sprint. "I should've known," he gasped, "that rats *would* hide out in a sewer!"

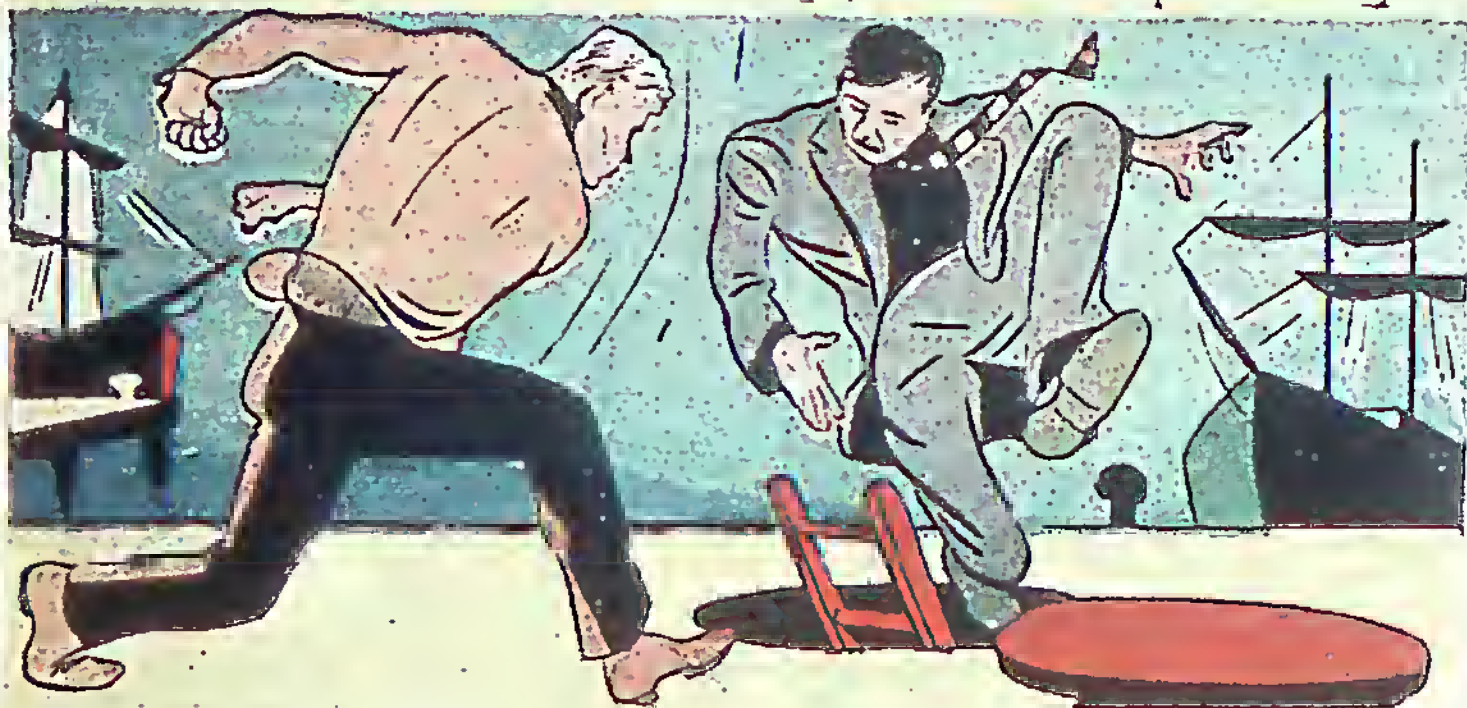
He fumbled in his pocket, and pulled forth a red cardboard tube, with a piece of string sticking from one end. It was a homemade dynamite stick that Jeff had made. A Chinese sailor had once showed him how.

He scratched a match on the seat of his trousers and applied the flame to the string-end, and hastily tossed it into the mouth of the abandoned sewer. Then his long legs scissored into action and he ran like a jackrabbit.

But he didn't run quite far enough. The fuse was short on that homemade dynamite stick. It went off with a great, racketing blast that was heard up and down the river for ten miles. The very ground from under Jeff's feet flew up and he went somersaulting through the air.

Jeff picked himself up, half-dazed, from the junk heap in which he had landed, and rubbing the dust from his eyes, started running again.

"That was a lulu!" he told himself as he ran. "It sure enough sealed up the mouth of that sewer!"



side of the opened manhole.

A few minutes later a head poked out through the hole. Then Jeff went into action. He started a swing from the ground and his fist clubbed against the chin of the man emerging from the hole, with the force of a pile driver.

Quickly, he grabbed the limp figure under the arm pits and dragged it the rest of the way out, layed it neatly alongside the hole.

Another head appeared and Jeff went through the same routine, until he had four decidedly unconscious men lined up in a row.

By this time, a cop who had observed Jeff's running figure, before, arrived on the scene, puffing.

Jeff pointed to the prone figures. "The river pirates," he said calmly. "There's one more down there's got wise that something is funny up here. He's afraid to show his head."

"Glory be, lad!" The cop exclaimed. "I'll go down after him!"

Clothes tattered and torn by the blast, Jeff staggered on, and turned down a narrow waterfront street for a block and then into a dead-end alley.

You see, Jeff Farno knew the waterfront like a book. He could lead you anyplace in it, with his eyes shut. He knew right where the first manhole was that opened from that abandoned sewer.

Scrambling over ashcans, he came to that manhole. He bent and lifted up the cover, listened to the sound of running feet in the sewer below him. He squatted there by the

"No, you won't," Jeff said easily. "I got to land all the pirates to get that reward money!"

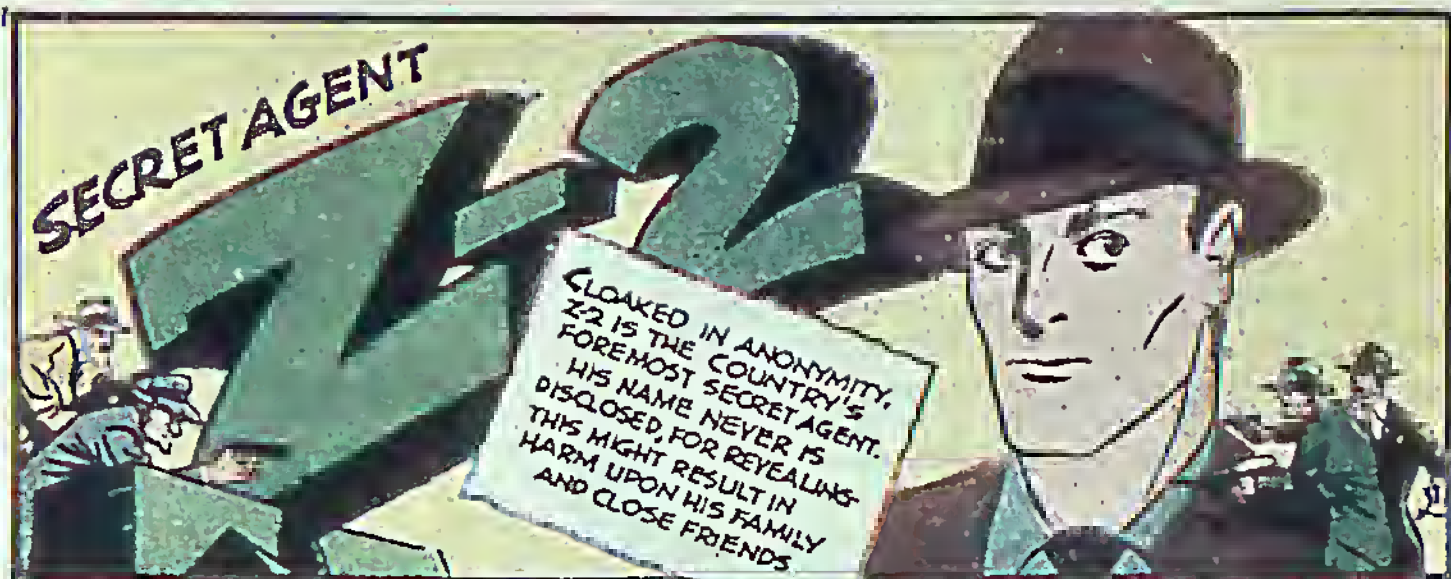
With that, Jeff eased himself down through the opened manhole and disappeared from sight. A few minutes later shots echoed back and forth through the empty sewer tunnel. Then there were screams of rage and pain.

The cop unholstered his gun, and started to climb down. Halfway he stopped. There was no need to go further. Jeff Farno was climbing up the ladder, dragging a whimpering, banged up looking river pirate.

"I had to sort o' rough him up a little," Jeff grinned.

That's how Jeff came to get the money with which he bought that snappy looking little fishing boat of his. And how he became the hardest working, biggest money earner among the fishermen on this waterfront. And how he became known as "The Waterfront Wildcat."

Jeff Farno just wouldn't work until he was his own boss.



CLOAKED IN ANONYMITY,
Z-2 IS THE COUNTRY'S
FOREMOST SECRET AGENT.
HIS NAME NEVER IS
DISCLOSED, FOR REVEALING
THIS MIGHT RESULT IN
HARM UPON HIS FAMILY
AND CLOSE FRIENDS

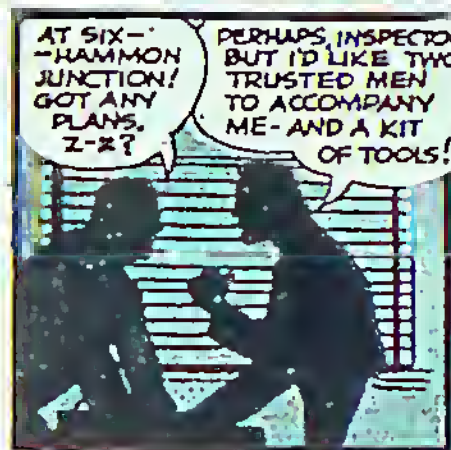


Z-2! YOU ARE FACED WITH
ONE OF THE TWO MOST
DIFFICULT TASKS OF YOUR
CAREER! WE'VE GOT TO
GET THAT RING OF
NARCOTIC THIEVES!



EVERY AGENCY OF THE GOVERNMENT
HAS FAILED TO APPREHEND THEM.
THE TRUCKS CARRYING THE CRATES
ARE GUARDED, BUT THAT GANG
ALWAYS HAS A NEW TRICK!

WHEN IS THE NEW
SHIPMENT
EXPECTED
FROM THE
WEST?



AT SIX-
-HAMMON
JUNCTION!
GOT ANY
PLANS,
Z-2?

PERHAPS, INSPECTOR,
BUT I'D LIKE TWO
TRUSTED MEN
TO ACCOMPANY
ME - AND A KIT
OF TOOLS!



OKAY, BOYS!
HERE SHE IS
LET'S GO!

Z-2'S PLANS BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE!



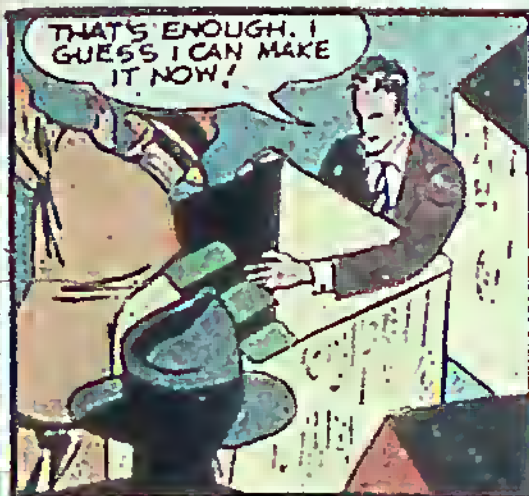
C'MON
HURRY
BOYS!

HEY! YOU
CAN'T GO IN
THERE. BEAT
IT!



IT'S ALL RIGHT
OFFICER. THIS
IS OFFICIAL
GOVERNMENT
BUSINESS!

OH! I'M
SORRY
SIR!



THAT'S ENOUGH. I GUESS I CAN MAKE IT NOW!



OKAY, I'M AS SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG - NOW WISH ME LUCK AND NAIL ME DOWN!



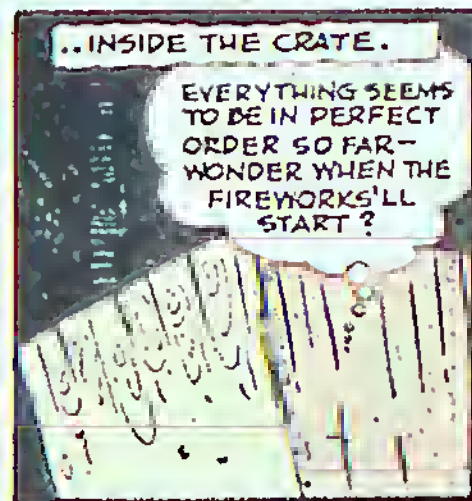
THE TRAIN PULLS OUT, AND Z-Z'S AIDES LEAVE



BOY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO, BUT IT MUST BE AWFUL RISKY!

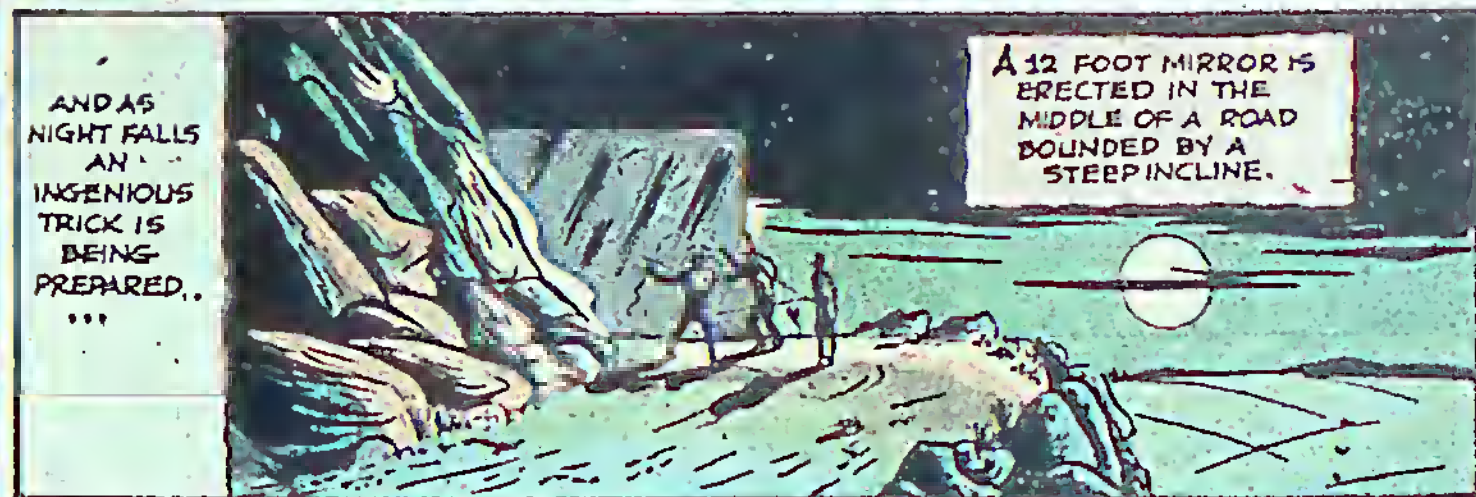


SEVERAL HOURS LATER..



..INSIDE THE CRATE.

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN PERFECT ORDER SO FAR - WONDER WHEN THE FIREWORKS'LL START?

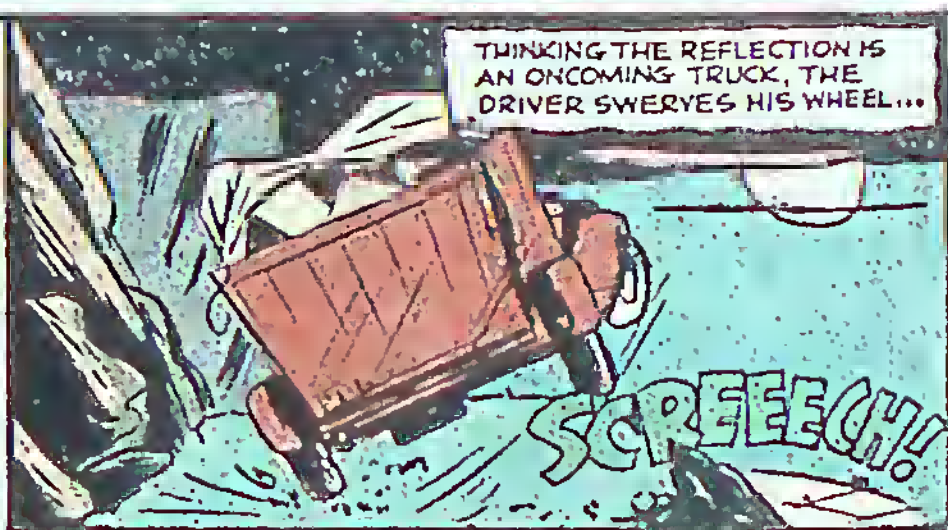


AND AS NIGHT FALLS AN INGENUOUS TRICK IS BEING PREPARED...

A 12 FOOT MIRROR IS ERECTED IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROAD BOUNDED BY A STEEP INCLINE.



I HEAR IT COMING! TELL THE MEN TO HIDE!



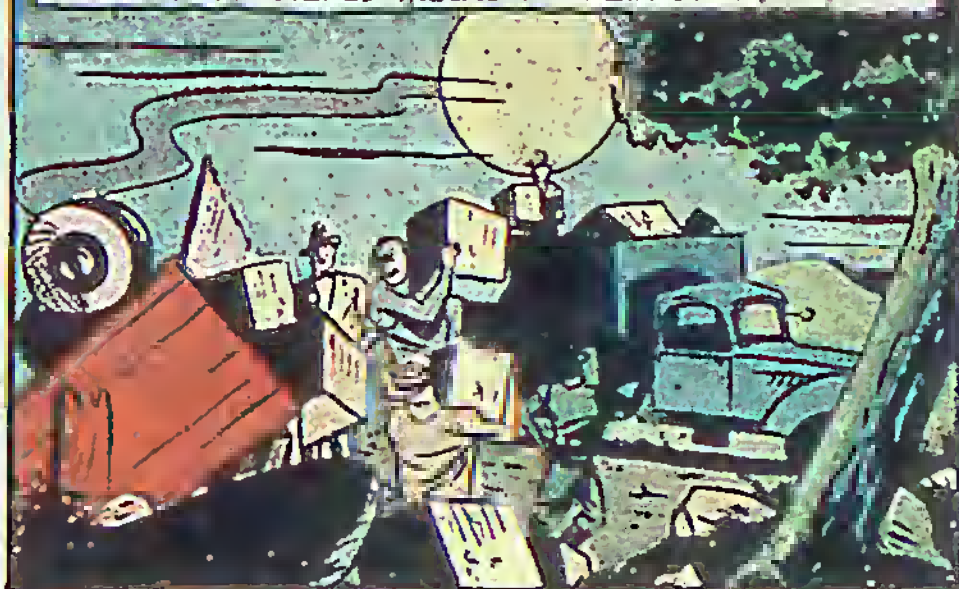
THINKING THE REFLECTION IS AN ONCOMING TRUCK, THE DRIVER SWERVES HIS WHEEL...

SCREEECH!

...AND CRASHES OVER
THE CLIFF!



THE MEN THEN PROCEED TO TRANSFER THE CRATES
FROM THE BATTERED TRUCKS TO THEIR OWN.



THAT KEROSENE TAKES
CARE OF THE EVIDENCE
VERY NIKELY!



LATER —

WELL, THAT'S THAT—NOW
WE HAVE TO GET RID
OF THE LOAD WE HI-
JACKED LAST WEEK!



Z-2 COMES OUT OF
HIDING!

WON'T THEY BE
SURPRISED BY THIS
JACK-IN-THE-BOX!

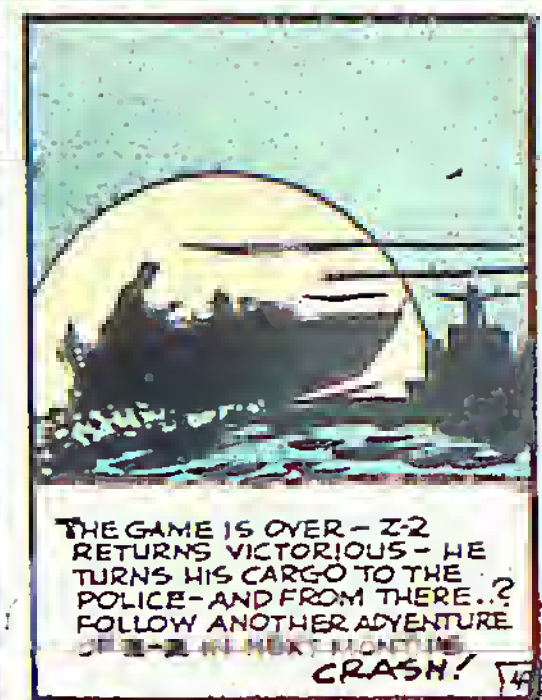
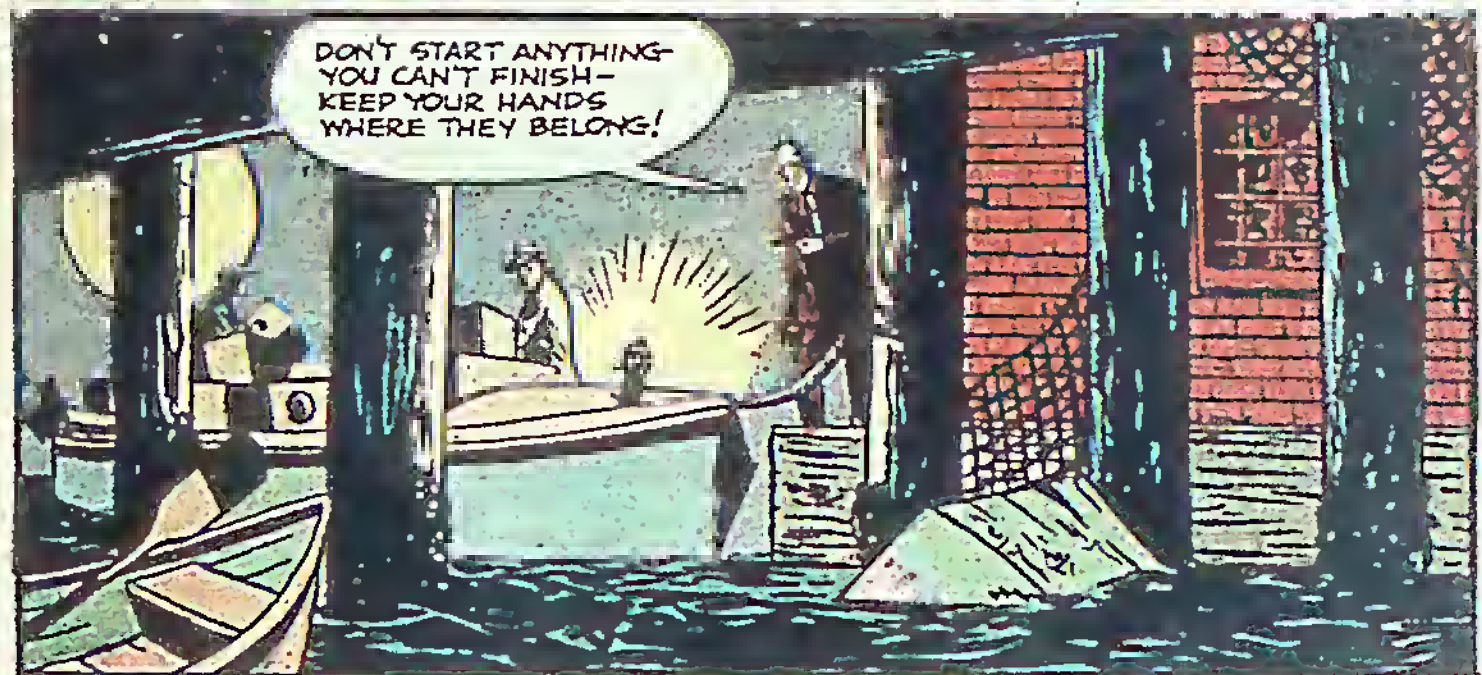


HERE'S THE LAST
OF THIS LOAD—THEN
YOU CAN SHOVE OFF!



REACH!





SHANGRA

WITH JOAN JOYCE AND JACK FLYNN REPORTERS

STORY BY NAM CHUNG PO ILLUSTRATED BY PAGESILANG R. ISID

JOAN AND JACK ESCAPED FROM THE MYSTIC SHANGRALAND, TAKING LONNA AS HOSTAGE, WHEN THEY WERE CAPTURED BY A TRIBE OF BARBARIANS. HAVING CREATED A PANIC BY FIRING ONE OF THE COTTAGES, JACK WAS LEADING THE TWO WOMEN FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE SAVAGES, WHEN JOAN AND HE WERE SEIZED AGAIN. AS THEY FACED A DEATH SQUAD, LONNA, DRIVING THE CHIEF'S AUTOMOBILE, ROARED INTO THE YARD, PLUNGING INTO THE SOLDIERS, WHILE JOAN AND JACK LEAP ABOARD. AS THE CAR RACED FOR FREEDOM, SHANGRA SUDDENLY APPEARED AND INSTRUCTED LONNA TO RETURN TO THEIR PALACE.

WE SHALL SOON REACH THE PALACE, JACK. I SHALL TRANSFER TO YOU SUPERNATURAL POWERS THAT ARE RIGHTFULLY YOURS SINCE YOU ARE KING!

I GAVE IN TO BEING KING, BUT THE MYSTIC STUFF IS OUT!



HIGH ATOP THE CLASH, A SCOUT STUDIES THEIR APPROACH

HM, THAT LOOKS LIKE A NICE FAT PRIZE. COMING THIS WAY!

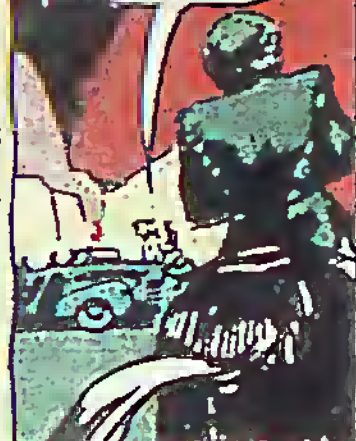


THEY MUST NOT GET TOO FAR AWAY. THAT IS THE MOST INTERESTING CARGO I HAVE SEEN IN MANY MOONS!



STOP THAT CAR!

AND AS THE AUTO ENTERS THE CANYON, ...



PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM LAPA, AND THESE RUFFIANS ARE MEMBERS OF MY GUERRILLA BAND. I'M AFRAID I MUST DETAIN YOU!



HOW DARE YOU STOP US... WHO CARES WHO YOU ARE!

I DARE ANYTHING. I'LL GET IN THE BACK WITH THE OLD MAN, AND YOU, DRIVER, PROCEED BEHIND MY TROOPS WHO WILL LEAD THE WAY!





PROCEED
FOLKS! JUST
FOLLOW MY
MEN!

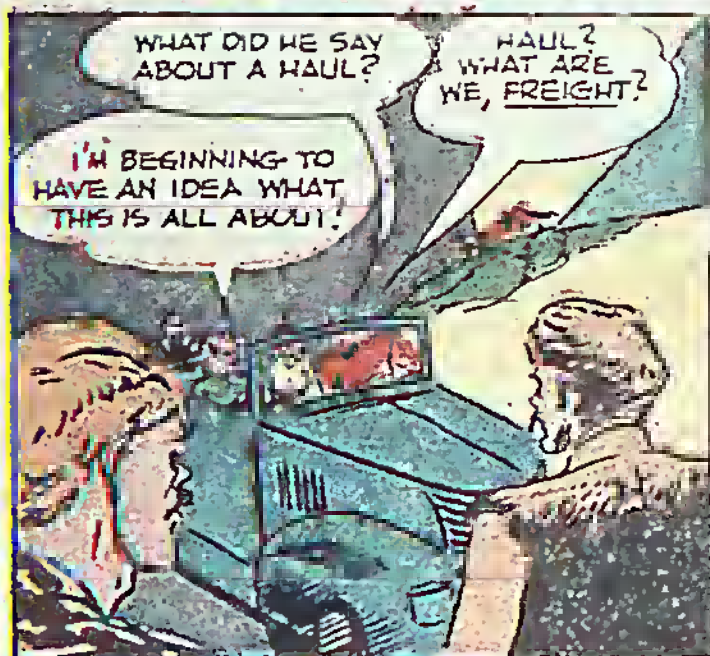
TROUBLE!
TROUBLE!
TROUBLE!
THAT'S
US! WOE
IS ME!



LAPA! YOU'RE
BACK!

WHAT A
RICH
HAUL!

AND
LOOK AT
THOSE
BEAUTIES.
LUCKY
LAPA!



WHAT DID HE SAY
ABOUT A HAUL?

HAUL?
WHAT ARE
WE, FREIGHT?

I'M BEGINNING TO
HAVE AN IDEA WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

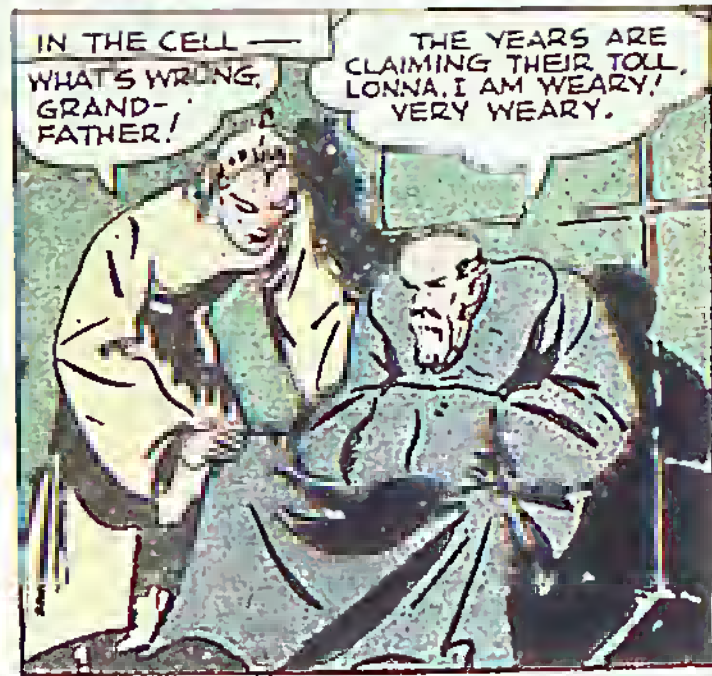


YOU CAN
ALL DISMOUNT
NOW! IF THERE
IS ANY
TROUBLE
WITH THAT
PALE-FACED
ROMEO, LET
ME KNOW!



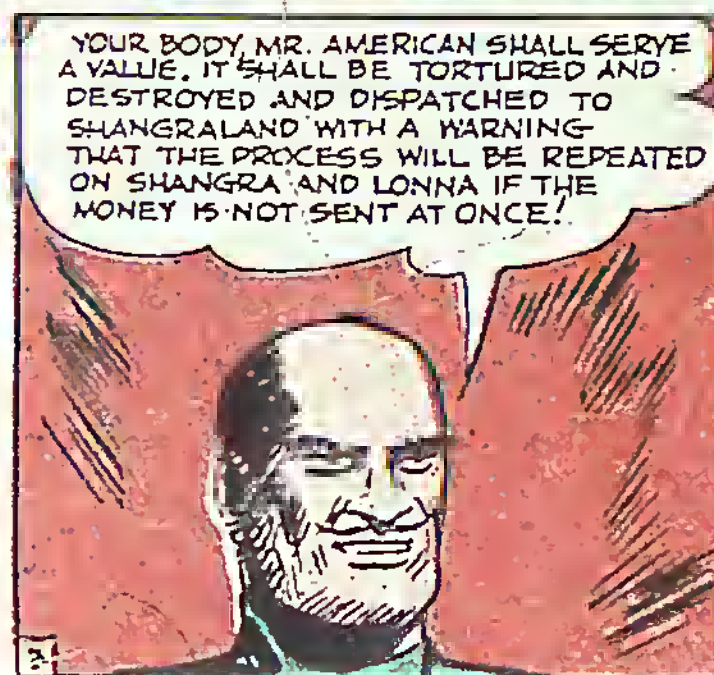
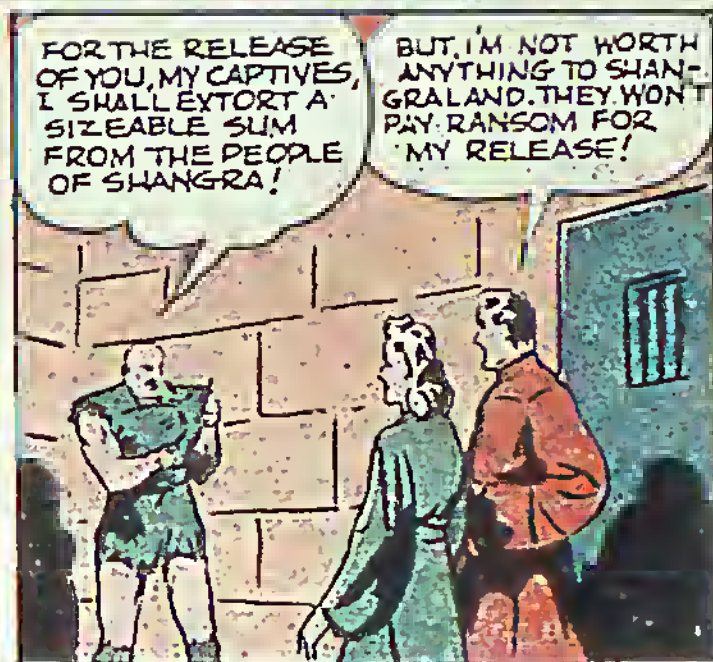
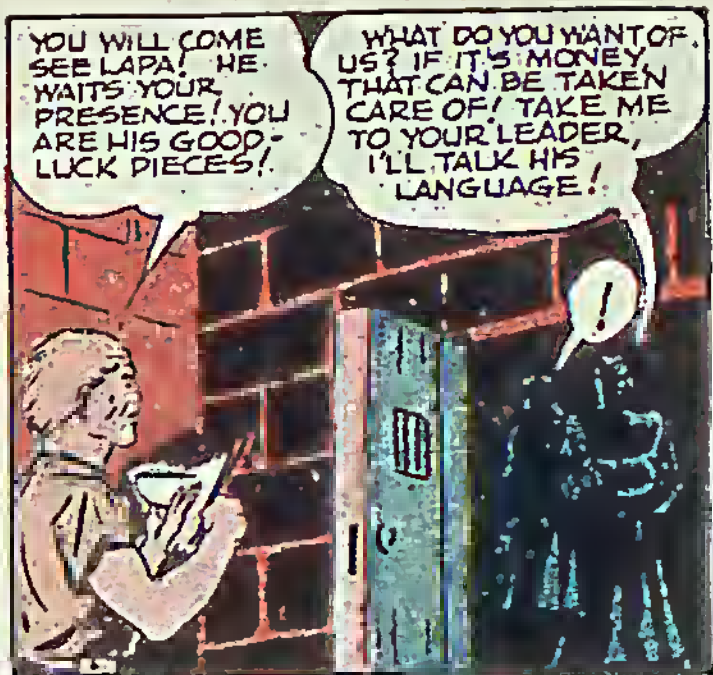
TAKE THEM TO THE
CAVE-CELL! AND
HAVE SOME FOOD
PREPARED FOR
ME!

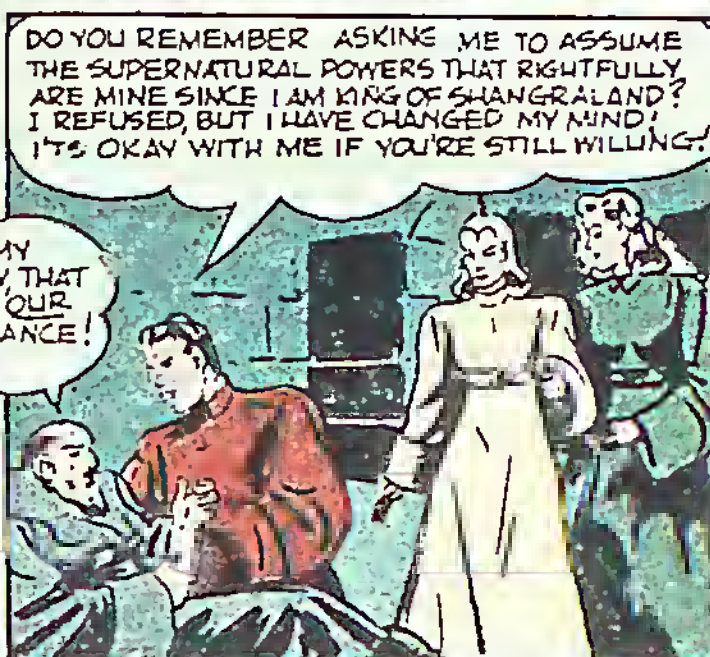
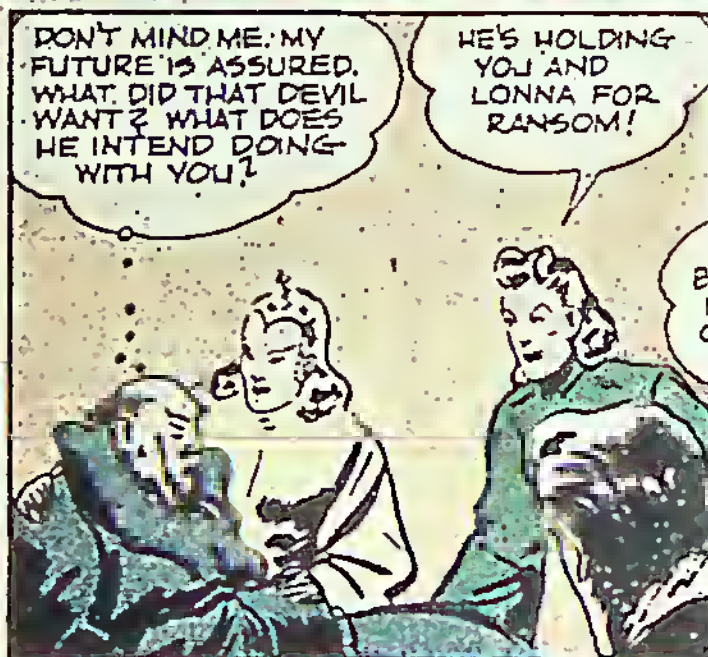
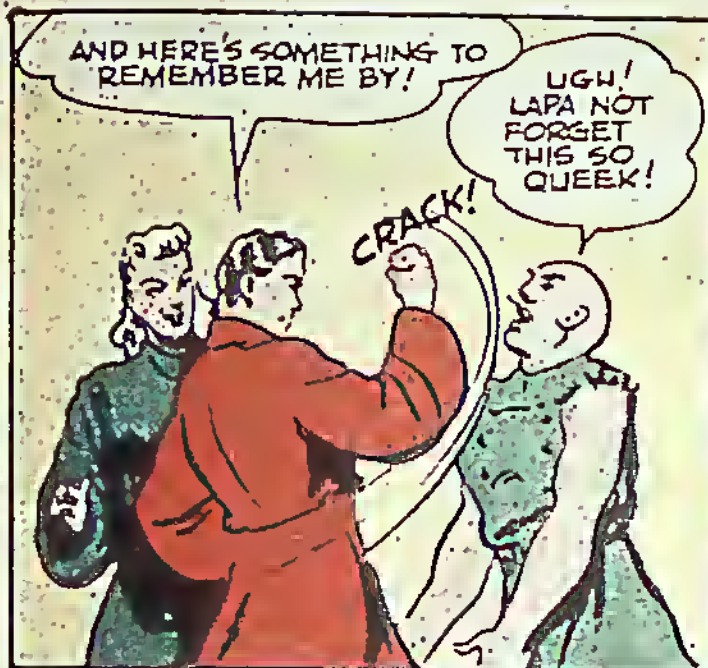
IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE,
LAPA. YOU DESERVE
A FEAST FOR THIS
RICH PACKAGE YOU
BROUGHT IN!



IN THE CELL —
WHAT'S WRONG,
GRAND-
FATHER!

THE YEARS ARE
CLAIMING THEIR TOLL,
LONNA. I AM WEARY!
VERY WEARY.







SHANGRA
TRANSMITS
HIS
WEAKENING
POWERS
TO
JACK...



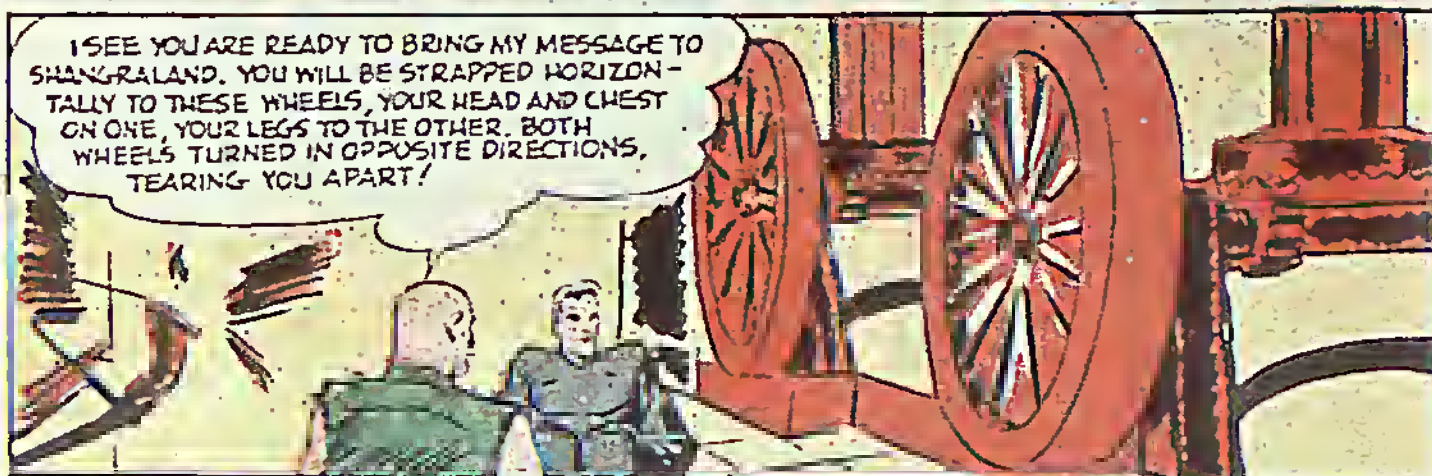
AH, THE GODS ARE WITH US!
THIS IS FITTING BACKGROUND
MUSIC FOR THE DRAMA WE
ARE ABOUT TO ENACT. FETCH
THE AMERICAN TO THE
TORTURE CHAMBER!

GOOD, LAPA!
I'VE BEEN WAIT-
ING TO GET
MY HANDS
ON HIM!



LAPA CALLS
YOU!

WELL, I'M
ALL SET NOW.
I HOPE THIS
MAGIC FOCUS-
POCUS
WORKS!



I SEE YOU ARE READY TO BRING MY MESSAGE TO
SHANGRALAND. YOU WILL BE STRAPPED HORIZON-
TALLY TO THESE WHEELS, YOUR HEAD AND CHEST
ON ONE, YOUR LEGS TO THE OTHER. BOTH
WHEELS TURNED IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS,
TEARING YOU APART!



JACK RAISES HIS ARMS-FLASHES
OF FIRE AND ELECTRICITY
EMINATES AND HE VANISHES!



HE'S GONE!

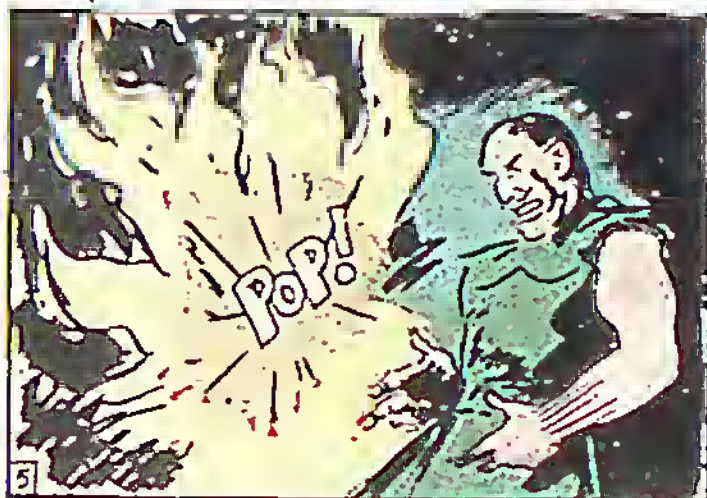
THAT
GUY'S A
SPIRIT!

?

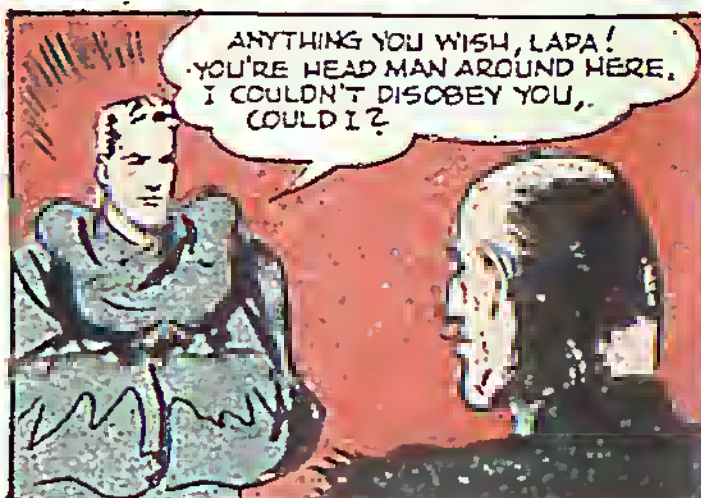


SUDDENLY-A VOICE FROM NOWHERE
ON THE CONTRARY, I AM STILL HERE,
BUT I AM INVISIBLE. I WON'T LEAVE
YOU BIRDS UNTIL I'VE RESCUED
MY FRIENDS!

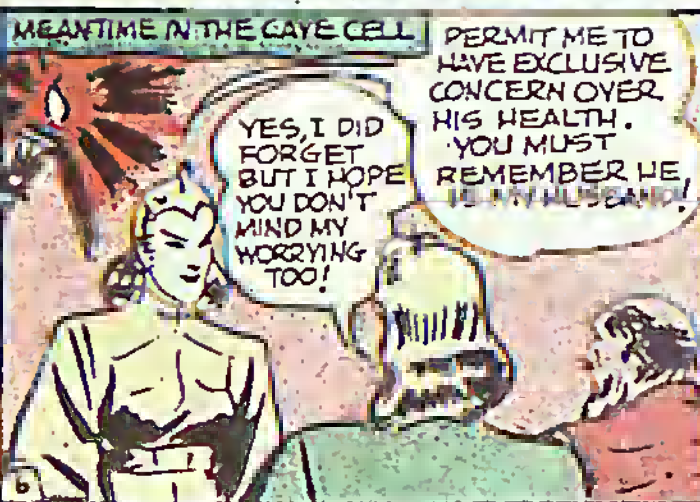
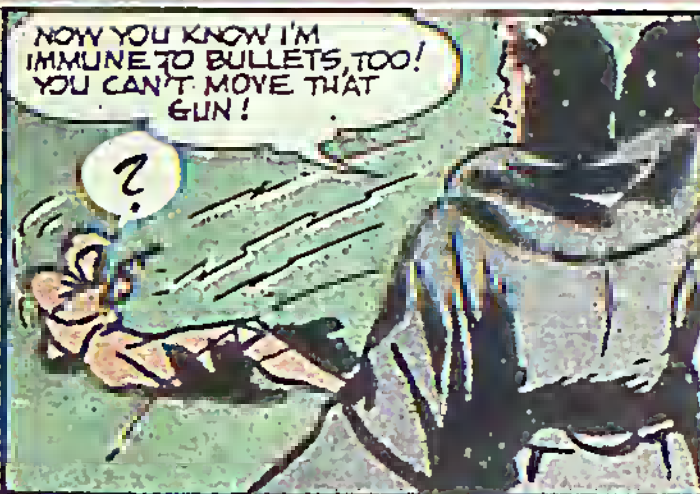
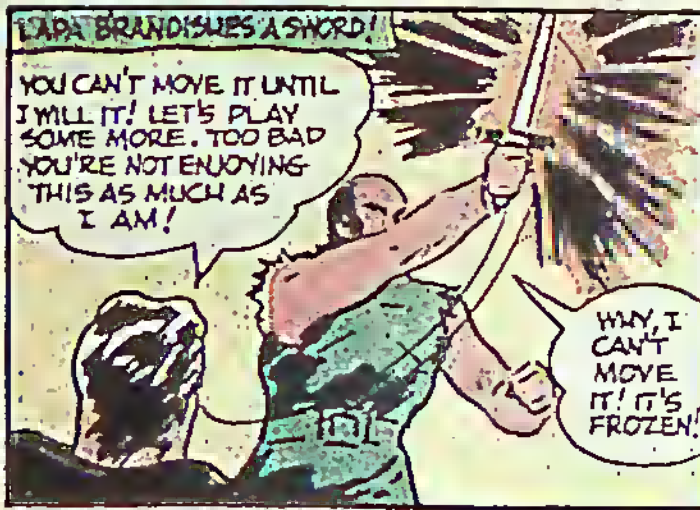
YOU'RE A SOR-
CERER. I DARE
YOU TO MATERIAL-
IZE!

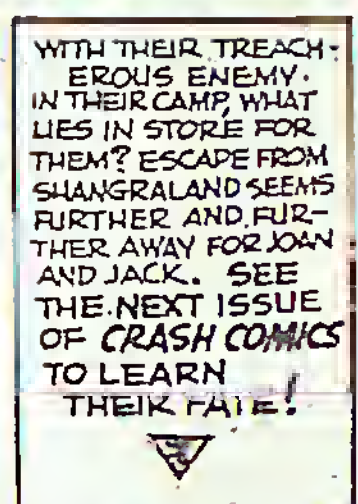
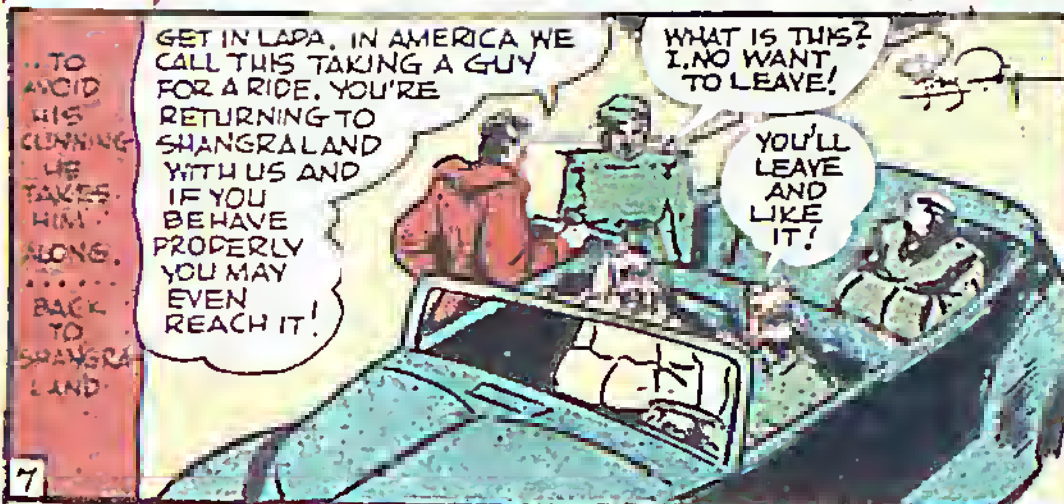
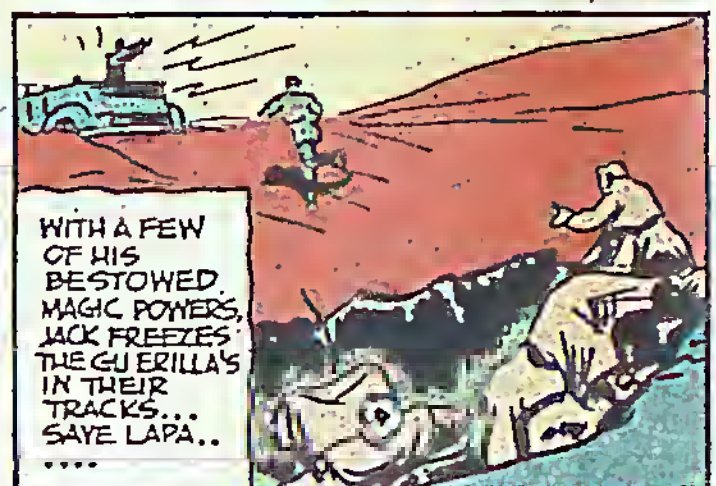
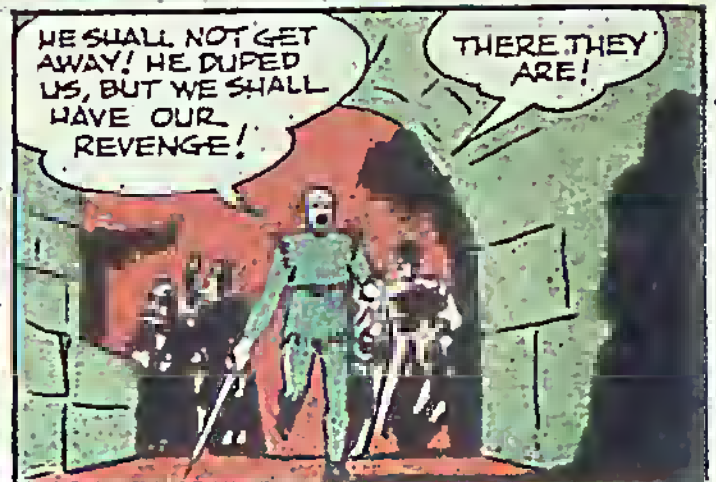
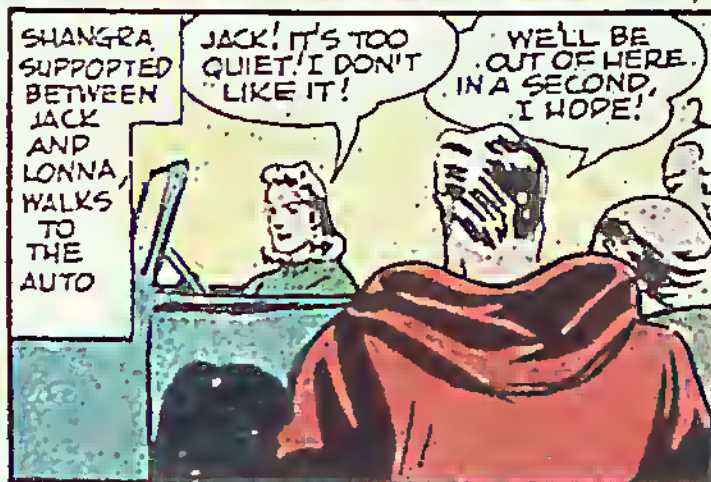
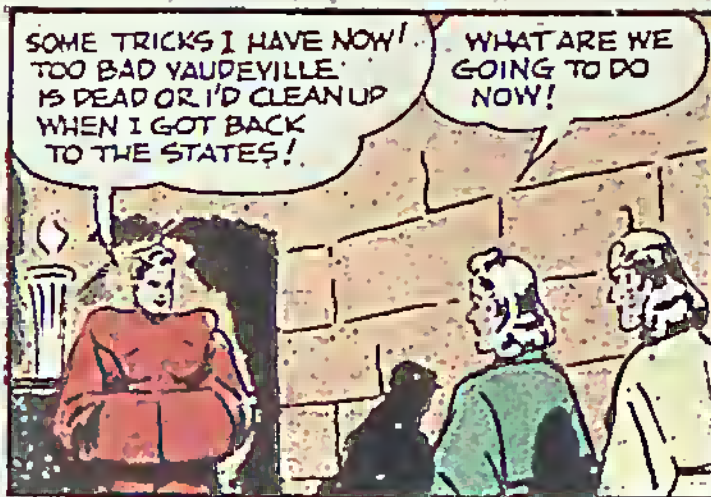


POP!



ANYTHING YOU WISH, LAPA!
YOU'RE HEAD MAN AROUND HERE,
I COULDN'T DISOBEY YOU,
COULD I?





Fifty Famous Fingers

HOW WRITE WITH
REMINGTON
NOISELESS
TYPEWRITERS



THE WORLD'S MOST SCIENTIFICALLY REARED CHILDREN... USE REMINGTONS FOR THEIR SCHOOLWORK

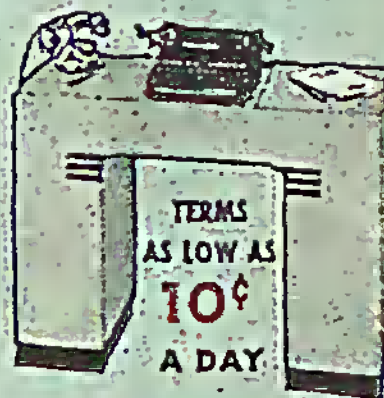
World famous educators have discovered a new and better method of teaching the 3 R's, by using typewriters. And the guardian of the lovely Dionne Quintuplets—world's most scientifically reared children—have wisely decided to give the Quints the advantages of typewriters in their school work. They chose Remington Noiseless Portables.

Would you like to know how easy it is to own a Typewriter just like those used by the Dionne Quintuplets? Also, how easy it will be to do your home lessons and why teacher can give you better marks too? Just send Coupon.

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00 WITH ANY

Remington Portable

Just think! A beautiful desk in a neutral blue green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibreboard—is now available to you for only \$1.00 with your purchase of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that you can move it anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office right in your own room! Mail the Coupon Today!



Specifications:

All Essential Features of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide; black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet. Touch regulator. Guarantee... one year.



We Pay
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Shipping Charges

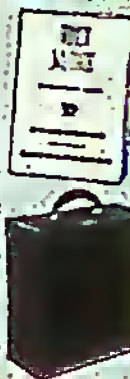
WHAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WANTS... NEEDS

Remington Rand has developed a new Exclusive Educational Keyboard for use of the Quintuplets. Now, you too can enjoy the use of this marvelous keyboard. It is standard in every way yet it will write simple mathematics and eight languages... English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, Italian, Dutch and Portuguese. It can be used for work in the elementary grades, high school and college. In addition to the many uses for home and business. Send the coupon below for more information.

FREE TOUCH METHOD INSTRUCTION BOOK

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent FREE while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case, specially built of heavy wool, bound with special Dupont fabric.



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How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! Only a small good will deposit and terms as low as 10¢ a day to get this wonderful combination at once. You will never miss 10¢ a day. Become immediately the owner of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. Send it TODAY.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk!

SEND NO MONEY! CLIP COUPON... SEND IT NOW!

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